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THE LURE of the MASK

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Aria From Il Trovatore.

"Shall we take a look into the Cam- Formosa again tonight?" asked errihew, stepping into the gondola. "It will be a waste of time. Bettina ill have warned them. What's the alian coming to, anyhow? She re- sed a hundred francs. But I can e that Mrs. Sanford had a hand this latest event. She has proba- y written that we might look for em in the Campo." Hillard spoke a disconcerted tone. "Oh, bother e both of them! Let us loaf round e barges of the serenaders and hear e singing. I want to be amused to- ght."

"All right; we'll listen to the usic," grumbled Merrihew. He want- to find Kitty right away. He would adly have started out and explored ery Campo in Venice that night. illard's indifference annoyed him.

"To the barges of the troupes!" id Hillard to Achille, who pushed with a series of short strokes. In the great canal of San Marco e scene was like a water-carnival. undreds of gondolas, with bobbing hts, swam slowly round the barges the serenaders, who, for the most rt, were fallen operatic stars or those o had failed to attain those dizzy ights. Many of them had good voices, t few of them last long in the damp enetian night air. Tonight there were ree of these belanterned barges, tak- g their stands about three hundred rds apart. The glowing coals of garettes and cigars of the men in the ndolas were like low-lying stars, and e cold, bright flash of jewels woke e and there among the many beau- fully gowned women. From one barge another the gondolas drifted, finally ustering round the middle barge of e Troupe San Marco, which offered e best votes. Between songs a man acrobatic accomplishments would mp nimbly from the prow of one ndola to another, stepping lightly re, balancing neatly there, and al- ays with the upturned tambourine tended for silver and copper largess. Merrihew sat in the bottom of the ndola, while Hillard lay sprawled ac- ss the cushions on the seat. The rima donna was singing the jewel- ng from Faust, and not badly. Some- mes the low hum of voices floated cross the cadence of the song. Merri- ew scanned the faces of all those near m, but never a face took on familiar nes. An Adriatic liner loomed up gray nd shadowy behind them, and some f the crew were leaning idly over the ail. The song stopped. The man ith the tambourine sallied forth. Out f the momentary silence came the in- stinct tinkle of the piano in the arge beyond; some one over there was llowing the toreador's song. This ed away amid a faint patter of ap- ause. How clear all the sounds were! hought Merrihew. The tenor of the an Marco troupe rose with the prima onna. It was Il Trovatore this time; bit noisy.

What was that? Hillard was no long- lethargic. He stumbled over the re- umbent Merrihew.

"Why don't you walk all over me?" rowled Merrihew. "Sit down!"

"Be still!" said Hillard roughly. From a gondola on the far side of the arge, standing out of the press and ist beyond the radiance of the lan- erns, never powerful at best, came nother voice, a voice which had a oul in it, a voice which broke into ong for the pure joy of it, spontane- usly. Clear, thrilling, a voice before hich the world bows down. The prima onna in the barge was clever; she topped. The tenor went on, how- ver, recognizing that he was playing pposite, as they say, to a great sing- r. Hillard's heart beat fast. That oice! There could not be another like . And she was here in Venice!

"Achille," he said, "do you hear that oice over there in the dark?"

"Yes, signore."

"Push round to it. See, the singer is anding up now. Hurry!"

This sounded important, and Mer- hew scrambled to his feet. Yes, he, oo, could see this unexpected cantа- rice. In fact, everybody was begin- ing to stand up. All interest was entered in this new voice. Then, as if onscious of this interest, the singer at down, but still kept to the melody. chille backed out of the jam, stole ound the barge, and craftily approach- d the outstanding gondola. The two en still remained on their feet.

"Quick, Achille!" For the far gondola as heading for the Grand Canal.

Merrihew understood now. He grasp- d Hillard's arm excitedly.

"Follow!" commanded Hillard. "Ten re if you can come up alongside that ondola. Can you see the number?"

"It is 152, signore; Pompeo. It will e a race," doubtfully.

"No matter; follow. It will be worth our while."

And a race it became. Both gondoliers ere long past their youth, but each new the exact weight and effort to be ut upon the oar; no useless energy, o hurried work, no spurting, but long, eep swinging strokes. Up the Grand anal, past the brilliant hotels. The unaway gondola had perhaps a hun- red yards the best of it. Achille hung n, neither losing nor gaining a foot.

"Sit down, signori!" said Achille.

Hillard and Merrihew tumbled back pon the cushions.

"We shall not lose them this time, an."

"Are we gaining?"

"Not yet. But wait till they turn in- o some small canal."

The first loop of the Grand Canal was urned; still Pompeo made no effort o seek the smaller canals. Not till he passed under the Rialto, which afford- ed him a deep shadow, did he turn. Swiftly he bore into the canal which was filled with the postal-gondolas. But not so soon that Achille did not per- ceive and follow. On and on, sound- less; now the pursuer had the advan- tage over the pursued. It was Pompeo who had to watch, to call; Achille had only to hang on. And he was gaining. A moment later less than ten yards intervened. O for some clumsy barge to bar the way! Round past the Teatro Malibran, into the Rio di San Marina, into a smaller canal again. Hillard now knew whither they were bound; the Campo Formosa.

At each stroke Merrihew swung forward his body. The end of the race came sooner than any one ex- pected. A police barge nosed round an ell; by the time Pompeo was off again, the ferrule of the pursuing gondola scraped past Pompeo's blade. Pompeo called and Achille answered. There was a war of words, figure of a dog, name of a pig. Achille was in the wrong, but ten lire were ten lire. And he knew that his gentle- man meant no harm.

Hillard caught the gondola by the rail and clung. The canal, lined with a dozen line barges, became so narrow that Achille could scarce paddle, and Pompeo's oar was useless, being part- ly under the opposing gondola. The race was over.

"Signorina," said Pompeo, boiling with rage, "shall I call the police?"

"No, Pompeo," said his solitary passenger.

When Merrihew saw that she was alone, his heart became heavy, and the joy of the chase was gone. But not so with Hillard. At last!

"To the Campo, Pompeo. Mr. Hil- lard, will you kindly follow? I would speak to you alone, since there is no escape."

Her tone chilled Hillard's ardor somewhat. But to speak to her again and mayhap see her face!

"Doesn't want the police," whisper- ed Merrihew. "I told you so. Look out for yourself."

The gondolas became free presently, and the way to the Campo Formosa was made without further incident.

"She wishes to see me alone, Dan. You stay in the boat, I'll find out where Kitty is."

The gondolas were moored. Hil- lard jumped out and went to assist La Signorina, but she ignored his out- stretched hand. This was not a prom- ising beginning.

"To the church steps, Mr. Hillard," she said.

He followed her meekly. Merrihew sulked among the cushions.

The solitary electric lamp in the Campo made light enough; and when the two arrived at the steps the woman turned.

"What is it you wish?" she asked. There was not the slightest agitation in her voice; there was not even curi- osity.

"One look at your face," he answer- ed simply.

She slowly removed the veil. Then, for the first time he looked upon the face of this woman who had burdened his dreams. The face was not like any he had conjured. It seemed to him that Vecchio's—Paola Vesshio's—Barbara had stepped down from her frame; beauty, tranquil, flawless beauty. A minute passed; he was in- capable of speech, he could only look.

"Well?" she said, in the same ex- pressionless tone.

"Let us begin at the beginning," he replied, with an effort to imitate the evenness of her tone.

"Since this is to be the end."

"Why did you answer my personal in the first place? Why did you not ignore it? I should have been left in peace."

"An impulse of the moment, which I shall always regret."

"Why did you let it go so far as to permit me to dine with you that mem- orable night?"

"A second impulse, equally regret- table."

"And why, after all had come to an apparent end, why did you send me that mask?"

She did not answer at once.

"Why?" he repeated.

"It is unanswerable. Truthfully I do not know."

"Have you thought what all this might mean to me?" with warmth.

Again she was silent but her eyes did not waver.

"When I heard your voice tonight I knew that doubt was no longer in my heart."

"Doubt?"

"Yes, doubt. I knew then that the inexplicable had happened."

"I do not understand."

"The inexplicable. For who will be- lieve that it is possible for a sane man to fall in love with a voice? Had your face been scarred, as I once sus- pected; had you committed some crime, as I once believed, it would not matter. I am mad." He laughed an- grily. "Yes, I love you, knowing not what you are nor caring. I have been mad for weeks, only I did not see my madness in its true colors un- til this moment."

The light seemed to bother her eyes, for she turned her head aside, giving this mad lover the exquisite profile of her face.

"You are indeed mad, or rather your jest is."

"Would to heaven I were jesting! And why did you avoid me in Monte Carlo?"

She realized that there was some justice in his questions and that she was not altogether innocent of the cause of his madness, if it were that.

"I did not speak to you because I wished to avoid this very moment. But since it was destined to be, let us have done. What other questions would you ask, Mr. Hillard?

"Who is that man—the Italian with the scar—who ran after you that night?"

"I will not answer that."

"A lady? Grace of Mary, that is droll."

"Why do you say that?"

"I am only quoting the man with the scar. Those were the words he used in regard to you."

"Perhaps he is right; perhaps I am not a lady, according to his lights." But she laughed.

"Do not laugh like that! What you are, or have been to him, is nothing to me. Only one fact remains clear, and that is, I love you."

"No, Mr. Hillard, you are only excited. You have been let- ting your imagination run away with you. Be sensible. Listen. You know nothing of me; you have neither my name nor my past—noth- ing. I may in truth be everything un- desirable."

"Not to me!"

"I may be a fugitive from the law."

"I do not believe it."

"There may be scars which do not show—in the heart, in the mind. I am sorry, terribly sorry. Heaven knows that I meant no harm. But it seems that fate is determined that every move I make shall become a folly, the ghost of which shall pursue me. I told you to forget me, that I had entered your life only to pass out of it immedi- ately. Forget me!" Her voice was no longer without expression.

"Forget you? I would it were as easy as the asking! I say that I love you, that I shall always love you. But," he added gently, lowering his voice, "I have asked nothing in return."

"Nothing in return?" she murmured.

"No. I offer my love only that it may serve you without reward. Do you need in your trouble a man's arm, a man's heart and mind?"

"I need nothing;" but her voice was now strangely sweet. So, she was loved by one who asked for nothing? This was not like the men she had known. "Do not misjudge me, Mr. Hillard. If indeed you believe that you love me —incredible as it seems to me—I am proud of the honor. But fatality for- bids that I accept not only your love but your friendship."

"Not even my friendship?" bewilder- ed. "And why not?"

"To answer that would only be ad- ding to your hurt."

"You are a strange woman. You make it very hard."

"I have no alternative. The harder I make it, the better for your peace of mind. Once you are angry with me, once you are convinced that I am a hopeless puzzle, this fancy you call love will evaporate."

"Do not believe that."

"I never intended that you should see me again, and yet, against my bet- ter judgment, I have bared my face to you upon a simple request. I am not without some vanity. Men have called me beautiful. But, oh! it is a sinister beauty; it has brought good to no one, least of all to its owner. You met Mrs. Sanford in Naples. Tell me what she said."

He sought refuge in silence.

"Did she not earnestly warn you against me?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"And yet you would not heed her warning?" sadly.

"I have told you that I am mad."

"I am coming to believe it. There are two of us. That dinner! And out out of an innocent prank comes this! Folly, always folly!" And as she re- membered the piece of folly she was about to start out upon, she laughed. "Mad? Yes. Only, to your madness there is some reason; to mine, none."

"So you sometimes recollect that night? You have not forgotten?"

"Ah, if only you would tell me what prevents friendship between us."

"You say you love me; is that not answer enough? Love and friendship are as separate as the two poles; and you are man enough of the world to know that. I have no wish to wreck your life nor to make mine more mis- erable. Well, I will tell you this: there is a barrier between us—a barrier which only death can tear down or break asunder. Give up all idea, all thought of me. You will only waste your time. Come; is your love strong enough to offer a single sacrifice?"

"Not if it is to give you up."

"Very well. I see, then, that I must submit to this added persecution. I can not foree you."

"So long as I live I shall go on dreaming of you. So long as you keep me in darkness as to your trouble I shall pursue you. Oh, do not worry about persecution. I shall only seek to be near you."

"Good night," she said, "and good- by!" She wound the veil round her face, took half a dozen steps, halted and turned, then went on, beyond the light, into the dark.

How long Hillard stood by the steps of the church, watching that part of the darkness through which she had disappeared, he never knew. Merrihew tapped him on the arm.

"Wake up, Jack, my boy!" said Mer- rihew lightly. "I thought, by the way you mooned here, that you had fallen asleep on your feet. Where's Kitty?"

"Kitty? I forgot to ask, Dan," said Hillard dully.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two Gentlemen From Verona.

It was May in the Tuscany Hills; blue distances; a rolling horizon; a sky rimmed like a broken cup; a shallow, winding river, gleaming fit- fully in the sun; a compact city in a valley, a city of red-tiled roofs, of domes and towers and palaces, of ruined ivy-grown walls and battle- ments; shades of Michelangelo and Dante and Machiavelli, the Borgias and the Medicis: Florence, the city of flowers.

Upon a hill, perhaps three miles to the northeast of the city, stood the ancient Etruscan town of Fiesole. The flat white road which passes through the heart of the village leads into the mountains beyond. Here one sees an occasional villa, surrounded by high walls of stone, plastered in white and pink, half hidden in roses, great, bloomy, sweet-scented roses, which of their quality and abundance rule the kingdom of flowers, as Florence once ruled the kingdom of art and learn- ing.

The villa Ariadne rested upon a small knoll half a mile or more north of and above Fiesole, from which the panoramic beauty of Florence was to be seen at all times, glistening in the sun, glowing in the rain, sparkling in the night. A terrace reached to the very frontal walls, which were twelve feet above the road. On the other side of the road swept down abruptly a precipitous ravine, dangerous to careless riders. A small stream dashed north, twisted, and joined the Mugnone, which in turn emptied into the drab waters of the Arno.

The villa was white and cool in the shade of dark cypresses and beeches and pink-blossomed horse-chestnuts. There were beds and gardens of flow- ers, and behind the villa a forest spread out and upward to the very top of the overshadowing mountain. The gates and the porter's lodge were at that end of the confines nearest Fiesole. The old gardener and his wife lived in the lodge, earning an extra lira now and then by escorting tourists through the park and exhib- iting the Della Robias, the Hadrian mosaic, the fountain by Donatello, and some antique marbles, supposed to have been restored by Michelan- gelo. He never permitted any one to touch these glories. Periodically the agents of the government paid a visit to ascertain that none of these treas- ures had been sold or removed. The old gardener spoke some English.

Life ran smoothly enough at the Villa Ariadne. La Signorina, at the very last moment, surrendered to the entreaties of Kitty. She agreed not to pass herself off as the princess. So they occupied the villa pleasura- bly and in safety. The police, as pre- scribed by law, made two visits and had gone away satisfied that, how- ever odd they might be, the temporary tenants were proper persons. Among themselves each played the role originally assigned. It was in- nocent fun now, and La Signorina seemed to enjoy the farce as much as any one. It was a great tempta- tion not to prowl round the forbidden rooms, not to steal a look into the marvelous chests and sideboards, bulging as they knew with priceless glass and silver and linen and laces. But La Signorina each day inspected the seals and uttered solemn warn- ings.

There was only one in this strange medley of persons who was not con- tented with his lot, who cared not if the letter from home never came at all, and this person was Worth. To set down the trouble briefly, he was desperately in love with La Si'gnorina; and the knowledge of how hopeless this passion was, together with the frequent efforts he had put forth to repress the ardent declara- tion, were making him taciturn and solitary. La Signorina never went down to Florence, not even to Fiesole; so Worth never joined his compan- ions when they took pleasant excur- sions into the city.

As one fences in the dark, instinc- tively, so she kept him at a fo'l's length away. Yet she would have been glad had he spoken; she could have silenced him effectually then. It was rather nerve-racking to wait for this unwelcome declaration day by day.

They had now lived in the Villa Ariadne for two weeks, a careless, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky family. The gossip might have looked ask- ance at them; but La Signorina would not have cared and the others would not have thought.

Every afternoon at two o'clock O'Mally and the old gardner would get together and give each other les- sons, the one in English and the other in Italian. When this was done, a small flask of Chianti was forthcoming, and the old man en- joyed himself as he hadn't done since his youth: a pipe of good tobacco and two glasses of Chianti. It was enough for any reasonable man. He never inquired where the wine came from; sufficient it was to him that it came at all. And O'Malley saw no reason for discovering its source; in fact, he admired Pietro's reticence. For like D'Artanchet in the immortal Three Musketeers, O'Mally had done some neat fishing through one of the cellar windows. Through the broken pane of glass he could see in upon bin of dust-covered bottles, Burgundy, claret, Sauterne, champagne, and no end of cordials, prime vintages, every one of them. And here they were, useless to any one, turning into jelly from old age. It was sad. It was more than that—it was a blessed shame. All these bottles were, unfortunately, on the far side of the cellar, out of reach, and he dared not break another win- dow. Under this which served him lay the bin of Chianti. This was better than nothing; and the princess would never miss the few bottles he purloined. Sometimes he shared a bot- tle with Smith, who was equally in- curious.

Today was warm and mellow. On the stone bench by the porter's lodge, hard by the gate, sat the old Floren- tine and O'Mally. From some un- known source O'Mally had produced a concierge's hat and coat, a little moth- eaten, a little tarnished, but service- able. Both were smoking red-clay pipes with long bamboo stems.

"Pietro," said O'Mally, teetering, "have you ever waited for money from home?"

Pietro puffed studiously, separating each word with all the care of a natur- alist opening the wings of some new butterfly. He made a negative sign.

"Well, don't you ever wait. There's nothing to it. But I've got an idea."

Pietro expressed some surprise.

"Yes, and a good idea, too. If any tourists come today, I purpose to show them round the place." O'Mally was quite in earnest.

Pietro's eyes flashed angrily. "No, no! Mine, all mine!"

"Oh, I'm not going to rob you. I'll give you the tips, amico. What I want is the fun of the thing. Comprendery?"

Pietro understood; that was different. If his Excellency would pay over to him the receipts, he could conduct the tourists as often as he pleased. Yes. To him it was tiresome. Most people were fools.

"Let's begin the lesson, then."

"Come sta?" said Pietro, shifting his pipe.

"That's howdy do," said O'Mally. "How is your wife?"

"That ees Come sta vostra!"

Pause.

"Che tempo fa?" said Pietro sudden- ly.

O'Mally frowned and jammed down the coal in his pipe. "Who—no, how!—is the weather. Who can say? Che lo sa?"

"Bene!"

Solemnly they went over the same ground. To be sure, O'Mally always failed to get the right twist to the final vowels, but he could make him- self understood, and that was the main thing. It was a rare moment to him at night to strike Smith dumb by ask- ing in Italian for a match, a cigar, or a book. Smith wondered how he did it; but when asked to join the pri- mary class at the porter's lodge, he al- ways excused himself by saying that he was deep in the writing of a comedy, which was true. If there was a play in one's system, the Villa Ariadne was sure to bring it out.

Having finished the lesson for that day, they shared the flask of wine.

"It is old, Pietro," said O'Mally.

"Vecchio, anticato," responded Pietro with grave satisfaction.

"Hold on, now; this is no lesson. You talk English. Now about this guide business. You will let me be guide if I turn over the profits; that is agreed?"

"Yes." Pietro wished the flask had been twice as large.

"All right; that's fixed. By the way, Pietro, did you ever see the princess?"

Pietro looked into the bowl of his pipe. "No, she not come here; never."

"Hum! I should, if I owned a place like this."

"Trouble."

"Trouble? How?"

"Idon't know. But trouble she come bime-by."

"Rats!" There was not a cloud in the sky, so far as O'Mally could see. And what trouble could possibly befall them?

"Sh!" said Pietro.

The porter's bell rang loudly.

"Tourists!" whispered O'Mally, slid- ing off the bench and buttoning up his coat. "Remember I am the guide; you get the lire."

Surely Pietro understood, but he was nervous, doubting the ability of this novice to demand the right sum for his labor.

O'Mally settled his cap on straight and went to the gates and opened them. A party of five Americans stood outside—two men, two women, and a girl of twelve or fourteen. The whole party wore that eager look, now fa- miliar to O'Mally, of persons who in- tended to see everything if they even- tually died for it.

"This is the Villa Aradne?" asked one of the women. She wore eyeglasses and had a bitter expression.

"It is," said O'Mally, touching his cap.

"He speaks English!" cried the wo- man, turning joyfully to the others. "We wish to see the villa and the park."

"The villa is now occupied, signora," replied O'Mally; "but you are permit- ted to see the park and gardens."

"How much?" asked one of the men.

"Cinquanty," said O'Mally; then cor- recting himself, "for each person."

"Ten cents? Two lire fifty? Why, this is downright extortion!" declared the woman with the eye-glasses. She was vehement, too.

O'Mally gave vent to a perfect Ital- ian shrug, and put a hand out sugges- tively toward the gates.

"Oh, come, dear," protested one of the men wearily; "you've dragged us up here from Fiesole and I'm not go- ing back without seeing what's to be seen."

"That's like you men; always will- ing to be robbed rather than stand upon your rights. But I vow that you weak men will ruin travel by giv- ing in all the time."

The man at whom this brief jere- mad was hurled painfully counted out two lire fifty which was im- mediately transferred to the palm of the guide, who ushered the wayfarers in.

Solemnly Pietro watched them pass, wondering what the terms were. O'Mally led the party to the foun- tain.

(To be continued.)

SOME ODDITIES IN CLOCKS

IN WORSLEY, England, are two clocks which never strike 1, being arranged to strike 13 at 1 a. m. and 1 p. m. One of them is over the Earl of Ellesmere's newly constructed entrance to Worsley Hall, and is the original which the Duke of Bridgewa- ter had placed in the tower in his Worsley depot.

It is said that his grace had the clock made to strike the "unlucky" number so as to warn his workmen that it was time to return to work after dinner, some of them having excused themselves for being late on the ground that they could not hear it strike one.

Wells cathedral contains the most interesting and the oldest self-striking clock in the whole world. It was con- structed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320, and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horolo- gist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon and the position of the planets and the tides.

When the clock strikes the hour horsemen, fully armed, dash out of two gateways in opposite directions and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as corresponds with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet, and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into 24 hours, and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the heavens.

An oddity in clocks is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Paul Cornu. It consists of a dial mounted above a reservoir and having a sort of seesaw mounted upon its support. The reser- voir holds sufficient alcohol to last a month, and this serves as fuel for a small flame which burns at one end. The heat from the flames causes the air to expand in the bulb of the see- saw directly above it. As a result the seesaw moves every five seconds. This movement is the sole motive power which actuates the hands.

In Switzerland clocks are now being made which do not require hands and faces. The timepiece merely stands in the hall, and you press a button, when by means of the phonographic internal arrangements, it calls out "half past five," or "five minutes to nine," as the case may be.

A Munich professor has invented a remarkable sickroom clock. When a button is pressed an electric lamp be- hind the dial throws the shadow of the hours and hands, magnified, upon the ceiling, so that invalids can see it from the bed without craning their necks or putting themselves to any in- convenience.

A German shoemaker spent 15 years of his leisure moments in constructing a clock of the grandfather shape near- ly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, jointers, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. The most remarkable fact is that it is reported to keep perfect time, though the durability of the strange piece of mechanism is a matter of doubt.

Ballad of Barbara.

Hear the great bell toll and toll—
Barbara, Saint Barbara!
For the passing of a soul,
For the spul of Barbara!

Fair, oh, very fair was she—
Barbara, Saint Barbara!
Hair that rippled to the knee,
Smiles that glinted sunnily,
Eyes as deep as is the sea,
Violet eyes of Barbara!

'Twas upon that blessed morn,
Barbara, Saint Barbara,
When the holy Christ was born;
Ah, her sweet face was forlorn,
Hearing all the barbed scorn,
Flower sweet face of Barbara!

For they cried she must forswear—
Barbara, Saint Barbara,
Him whom Virgin Mary bare,
They, the hooting rabble there
In the streets of gray Auxerre,
Ah, the hapless Barbara!

"Nay," she cried, and "nay" again,
Barbara, Saint Barbara!
Fronting down those mouthing men,
Scum of dive and loathsome den,
Thief and hostel denizen,
Ah, the fearless Barbara!

Is it blood that stains the snow,
Barbara, Saint Barbara?
Is it she that lies so low,
Smitten by a coward blow?
Is it—is it—ah, the woe!
Chill the lips of Barbara!

In Auxerre, the old and gray,
Barbara, Saint Barbara,
Upon hallowed Christmas day,
Still for her they toll and pray,
Many a solemn requiem say
For the soul of Barbara!

—Clinton Scollard.

A Strange Resemblance.

Philadelphia Times.

At a gathering in a local banking house last week, during a lull in business, when the ticker was running slow, when the investors were not piling up dollars fast enough, the trend of conversation turned toward logic.

"I can prove logically that a beehive is the same as a rotten potato," confi- dently said one of the brokers in the party.

"It is impossible," said the rest.

"No, I can do it," insisted he who had began the argument.

One of the party, willing to learn what the proof was, wagered 10 cents with the banker, and he was asked to sustain his position.

"Well," he began, "a beehive is a be- holder and a beholder is a spectator (specked tater)."

This explanation created a laugh.

Six Months From Now.

Six months from now you'll wish that you could see a flake of snow
And tread upon the icy pond and feel the cold wind blow;
You'd eagerly reward the youngster who, just for a lark,
Made at you with a snowball, even if it hit the mark.

Six months from now you'll yearn to see the icicles so bright
That sparkle like great jewels in the early morning light,
Six months from now you'll view the leaves and blossoms with a frown
And wail because the mercury goes up instead of down.

So wherefore waste the moments that are swiftly fleeting by
In irate agitation or a melancholy sigh?
The weather which at present makes you want to raise a row
Will seem ideal if you'll wait until six months from now.

—Washington Star.

Telegraph Poles From Russia.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.

There was a time when the needs of the British postoffice in the way of poles to support the overhead telegraphs of the United Kingdom were met sole- ly from Norway. But today Norway's tallest pines are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers to meet the de- mands of the expanding service—de- mands averaging 50,000 poles per an- num. Sweden was duly laid under con- tribution and now Russia has become a valuable source of supply. It was in 1905 that this source was opened up by Russia for the purpose. The poles come not only from the forests that feed the Baltic ports, but from those in the White Sea hinterland.

No Grammar Desired.

Burr Oak (Kan.) Herald.

A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded from the child's mother "I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her ingage in yuseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and I can't say as they did me no good, I prefer her ingage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano.

Congressional Malhem.

Some statesmen who are drawing nigh
All bravely persevere.
They want to catch the Speaker's eye;
Likewise to get his ear.

They strive to lead him by the nose
Though he for help may beg;
And others, so the story goes,
Aspire to pull his leg.

They seek his scalp with dire intent
And often we turn pale
To hear that some one has been sent
To "skin him" without fail.

The awful question haunts us still
Wherever we may go—
If all these plans succeed what will
Be left of Uncle Joe?

—Washington Star.

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XXVII.

I Win My Battle.

At dawn, two days later, I took horse for Poitiers, with clothes and equipage furnished me by M. de Marigny, who had been exceedingly kind to me from the first, though delighting to speak in riddles, from which he seemingly drew vast amusement. For myself, I was not in vein to be amused. I had fought my battle and I had won it, but the victory had left a wound still raw and bleeding.

Yet such is the vanity of human na- ture, that it was not without a certain pride in my achievement that I bade my host good-by and turned my horse's head toward the south. At least, I need be ashamed to look no man nor woman in the face. I had kept my honor. As for that scar in my heart, no eye except my own should ever con- template it.

What a different creature this was from that careless, heart-free boy who had pricked forth from Beaufort little more than a week before! Since then I had lived my whole life; I had sprung from youth to manhood; I had faced death, tasted of the world, gazed into a woman's eyes. I had taken blows and given them; I had walked in the black depths of despair, and stood transfigur- ed on the uttermost peaks of joy. Love had touched me and left me changed. I had lived—for a week I had lived!—nothing could take that from me.

After much thought I had formed my plan of action. It was quite pos- sible, as Mdlle. de Chambray had said that Mdlle. de Benseval desired me as little as I desired her. In case this was true—and I flattered myself that it would require no great penetration on my part to discern it—I would offer her her freedom. Should she refuse it, should she feel bound by our oath as I did, I would marry her, then fling myself into the war in La Vendée, trusting that some kindly bullet would release us both from our unhappy fate. But if, on the contrary, she looked on me with favor, if I saw that I might win her heart, I would play a man's part and be as fond a lover as it is possible to be by taking thought. At least she should never suspect the existence of that scar.

So, having arrived at this conclusion, I put it behind me for the moment and pricked forward along the road more cheerfully than I had thought possible. Such is the virtue of facing one's duty squarely, of making up one's mind—even if it is only to accept manfully the worst that fate may offer.

My road at first lay through the nar- row valleys and between the high hedges of the Bocage. Everywhere the peasants were working in their fields; their flocks were grazing peace- fully in the pastures, and one would never have suspected that it was in this quiet country the first effective stand had been made against the bloody tor- rent of the revolution. At last I passed Airvault and came out into the more level country of the Plain. I had plan- ned to reach Neuville by noon, so press- ed on at a good pace, secure in the knowledge that here to the south I should encounter no Republican force and consequently no delay.

I reached Neuville in good season, without adventure of any kind, and asked to be directed to the Bon Vi- vant, an inn to which I had been re- commended by M. de Marigny as the only decent one in the village. I found it without difficulty, and sat down at a table on a little vineclad terrace, over- looking a pleasant valley. Here my lunch was presently brought to me, and here, soon after, the landlord sought me out and leaned deferentially above my chair.

"Is there anything more monsieur re- quires?" he asked.

"No, thank you; I am thoroughly content," I answered. "I have to thank a friend for advising me to stop here."

"Have I the honor of addressing M. de Tavernay?" he questioned, bending still lower.

"That is indeed my name," I said, glancing at him in surprise. "I did not know it had penetrated to these parts."

"Oh, monsieur is too modest!" he re- turned, with a flattering smile. "There is a person here who wishes to speak with monsieur, when he is at leisure."

"To speak with me?" I repeated, more and more astonished. "Who is it?"

"I do not know his name, but he is most anxious not to miss monsieur. He has been awaiting monsieur since yesterday."

The thought flashed through my mind that it was some emissary of the Republic sent to arrest me, but a moment's reflection showed me the ab- surdity of such a suspicion. How should the Republic know that I would pass this way, that I would stop at this inn? Besides, I was too small a bird to trouble the Republic—though small as I was, I added to myself with a smile, the task of arresting me would scarcely have been entrusted to a single man. No; since he approached me alone in this manner, he could not be an enemy. A sudden trembling seized me. Perhaps—

"Bring him here at once," I said, and my host, who had been patiently awaiting the end of my perplexity, bowed and hurried away.

He reappeared in a moment followed by a man dressed decently in black and showing all the marks of the serv- ant. A glance at his face told me that I had never before seen him.

"This is M. de Tavernay," said my host to him, and bowing again to me, withdrew. Evidently I had become in his eyes a person of considerable im- portance.

"Well?" I asked, as calmly as I could, for my heart was throbbing wildly as I turned to the newcomer. "You wish to speak to me?"

"I have a letter for you, monsieur," he answered, and produced it from an inner pocket.

"A letter?" I repeated, and seized it with trembling hand. Then a sud- den chill fell upon me as I saw the signature. The note ran:

"My dear Tavernay—My friend, M. de Marigny, who seems to have fallen in love with you, has written me something of the adventures which have befallen you since you started on your journey to Poitiers. I need hardly tell you that I have awaited news from you with the greatest anxiety, and that I am overjoyed to know that you have come through so gallantly. I am sending a faithful man to meet you in order that he may bring you direct to me, for I am long- ing to clasp the son of my old friend in my arms. My daughter joins me in wishes for your safe arrival.

"Louis Marie de Benseval."

I read it through twice in order to give myself time to recover from the blow, especially from the poniard- stroke of that final sentence, which killed the last vestige of hope that I had treasured in my heart.

"Very well," I said at last. "This was very thoughtful of your master. Have the horses got ready and I will join you in a moment."

He hastened away, and when, hav- ing finished my coffee, I descended into the court-yard of the inn, I found him awaiting me, with the horses ac- coutered for the journey. I swung into the saddle and cantered out from the inn, he following a pace behind.

But my serenity of the morning had vanished utterly. Now that I was face to face with the task which awaited me, now that there was no longer chance of evasion or escape, the blood turned to water in my veins, my very soul trembled. To make love to a woman I did not love, to appear before her always with a smile upon my lips and soft words upon my tongue, to play the gallant when my heart was far away, to lead her to the church to be bound to her irrevocably, and finally to pass the re- mainder of my life in her company, always with deceit in my face—in a word, to live a lie!—that was the task I had set myself. Would I be able to accomplish it? Was it not beyond my poor strength? After all, did honor demand of me such a sac- rifice?

But I put that thought from me for the last time as I recalled certain scorching words which had been ut- tered to me on the road from Dai- ron. I must accomplish it, or prove myself unworthy of that temple in which she had enshrined me! I put my hand into my bosom and touched the note I carried there, repeating its one word over and over to myself:

"Courage! Courage! Courage!"

And in that moment my doubts fell away, never to return. I was armed, cap-a-pe, against whatever arrows fate might launch.

At last I turned and motioned my attendant to come forward.

"What is your name?" I asked, noting his intelligent face.

"Bertin, monsieur."

"You left your master in good health, I trust?"

"In excellent health, monsieur."

"And your mistress?"

"She also, monsieur. I have never seen her looking better."

"Let me see," I went on. "Madame de Penseval is dead, is she not?"

"Oh, these many years, monsieur."

"There was only one child?"

"Only one, monsieur."

"How old is she?"

"N neteen, monsieur."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him if she was beautiful, but I choked the question back. It was in- discreet—and, after all, what did it matter?"

"They have been greatly worried at monsieur's failure to appear," he added.

I almost groaned aloud.

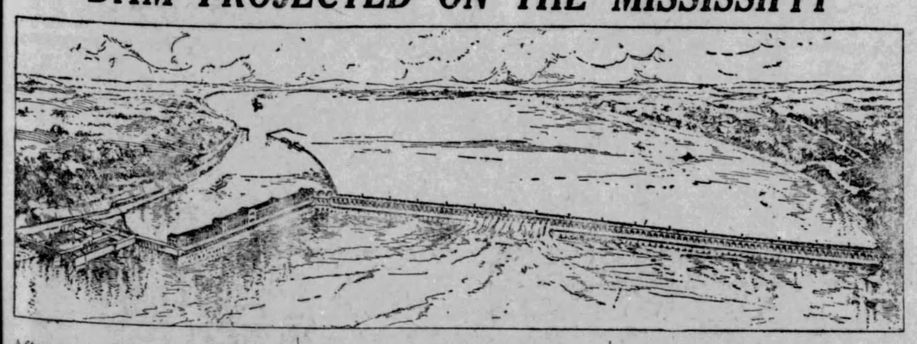
"M. de Benseval said he had been expecting me." I murmured, mechan- ically.

"Oh, yes, for a week almost. He had made arrangements for the fete, but of course it was postponed when mons eur failed to appear."

"Postponed until when, Bertin?" I questioned.

"It is to take place tomorrow, if

DAM PROJECTED ON THE MISSISSIPPI



After many years of delay it has been announced that work is to be started on a dam across the Missis- sippi at Keokuk, Ia., that will be ex- ceeded in size only by the great dam across the Nile, says Modern Me- chanics.

The estimated cost is $15,000,000. The dam is to be 5,800 ft., over a mile, in length, and is to be built of reinforced concrete. A power house, 1,400 ft. in length, will be located at one end of the dam. It is planned to install 47 immense generators of 4,500 horse- power each, capable of generating 200,- 000 horsepower. The generators will be run by turbines.

The plans call for a lock gate for the purpose of permitting boats to pass up and down the river.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT RIVERS

THE Nile literally is the life of 10,000,000 people. The popu- lation of Egypt exceeds that number and it is rapidly increasing. Without the Nile the same region would be inhabited by only a few desert tribes.

The Po, in the plains of Lombardy, has been diked and walled in so long, to prevent floods, that, as its channel fills up with silt, it has been elevated gradually above the level of the sur- rounding country, in some places, like an aqueduct.

The largest river in Europe flows into an inland sea which has no out- let. The Volga's waters are only a part of those which are required to offset the evaporation of the surface of the Caspian sea.

Few great rivers deepen at their mouths, like the Amazon and the St. Lawrence. Bars or shoals are the rule rather than the exception.

One mighty river—the St. Law- rence—itself of extraordinary width and depth, where it broadens into its estuary, receives there the waters of a tributary much deeper than itself. The Saguenay is deeper, indeed, than any of the great lakes—nearly a quar- ter of a mile, in fact, where the great rift through which it flows is deepest.

Very few of the really great rivers of the globe flow westward to the sea. Asia has none, Africa, the Congo and several smaller streams such as the Orange and the Senegal; Europe, none of the first rank, but a number of the size of the Loire, the Tagus and the Douro; South America none and North America only the Columbia and the Yukon among the rivers larger than the Frazer and the Sacramento.

The La Plata and the Amazon seem to drive their waters farther out to sea, in a mass which can be plainly detected, than any other rivers.

It is often said that the Nile and a few other rivers flow for hundreds of miles through rainless regions. That is practically true, because the rain- fall is too small to affect their evapo- ration materially or give them any tributary, however small. Literally it is not accurate. Rain falls every- where on the earth's surface, though sometimes a year may pass without a shower.

There are rivers like the Rio Grande, which are growing smaller year after year in the volume of their discharge, because they are being drawn upon more and more for irri- gation purposes—literally used up by human demands.

The river most famous for the charm of its picturesque and roman- tic scenery—the Rhine—is now al- most unmatched in all the world in the volume of its freight traffic. Riv

IF YOU NEED A MEDICINE YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST

Although there are hundreds of preparations advertised, there is only one that really stands out pre-eminent as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest, for the reason that it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root makes friends quickly, because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound—a physician's prescription for a specific disease.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything.

A Sworn Certificate of Purity is with every bottle.

For sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes—fifty cents and one dollar.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE BY MAIL.

In order to prove what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy will do for you, every reader of The Toledo Weekly Blade who has not already tried it, may receive a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Write today.

monsieur approves," he answered and glanced at me quickly.

This time I could not wholly suppress the groan, but managed to change it into a cough. The end was nearer than I had thought.

We rode on in silence after that, for I had no more questions to ask, nor, apparently, had Bertin any information to volunteer. And at last, just as dusk was falling, we trotted around a turn in the road and saw before us the walls and towers of Poitiers, rising tier upon tier to the cathedral which crowns the summit of the hill upon which the town is built. It looked warm and gay in the rays of the setting sun, but darkness had fallen ere we crossed the bridge which led into the town; and once engulfed in its narrow, steep and tortuous streets, I had soon lost all sense of direction, and appreciated more than ever M. de Benseval's wisdom in sending me a guide.

For my companion seemed to know his way perfectly, turned this way and that without hesitation, and at last drew rein before a house at whose door a torch was flaring.

"Here we are," he said, as he threw himself from the saddle and helped me to dismount. "This way, monsieur."

Scarcely had we set foot on the lowest step, when the door burst open and a man appeared on the threshold—a man tall, of commanding presence, with the noblest countenance I had ever seen.

"Tavernay!" he cried, his arms extended. "Tavernay!"

And I, as though I had found a second father, sprang up the steps and threw myself into them.

I know not how it was, but at the end of a moment I was telling myself that it was worth some sacrifice to be near a man like this. He led me in, across the vestibule to the drawing-room beyond, and sat me down and looked at me.

"You are your father over again, my boy," he said, at last, and his face was very tender. "I see already that I am going to love you!"

I could find no word of answer, but I think he read my heart in my face, for he held out his hand and gripped mine.

"And now," he continued, before you meet my daughter, I desire to talk frankly with you for a moment. I have sometimes wondered if your father and I were wise to bind you when you were only a child. After all, a man should choose for himself, for marriage without love is not marriage, and, good or bad, there is no escape once the vows are taken. I know the Paris fashion; I know that there are many fathers who do not believe as I do; they think me a fool—which is not so harsh a name as I sometimes apply to them. Your father was the dearest friend I ever had and I certainly do not intend to make his son unhappy."

"Monsieur," I said, "I am already betrothed to your daughter. If she does not love another——"

"No," he said quickly; "I can answer for that."

"Then, monsieur, I am ready to espouse her, and I will do my best to make her happy."

He gripped my hand again, his eyes very bright.

"I am sure of it," he said; "but it is not a question of her happiness, but of yours. That she will find you a true and tender hearted husband I do not doubt, but there are some things which you should know. She has had no mother for many years and I have, perhaps, been too occupied to give her the attention she required. She has, to a certain extent, gone her own way, and such training as I have given her has, I fear, been a man's training rather than a woman's. So she grew up somewhat wild and headstrong, with strange ideas upon many subjects, though I did not suspect this until a month ago, when I bade her prepare her trousseau. It was at that time she gave evidence of a disposition wholly new to me. In a word, monsieur, she begged me that she might not be compelled to marry, and when I reminded her that my honor was engaged, she retorted that her happiness weighed more heavily with her than my honor, and that at least she reserved the right to see you before consenting."

"Oh, monsieur," I broke in, "say no more. I have no wish to force her to become my wife."

He held up his hand to stop me.

"Understand, monsieur, that I did not agree with her. With women it is not the same as men. Any man who is faithful and affectionate can win a woman's love and keep it. She has not a man's distractions, temptations, opportunities. I am very sure, monsieur, that you will make my daughter love you."

"God grant it," I said, my lips quivering. "It is my wish to make her happy. But I am not a brilliant match—not so brilliant as she deserves. You are aware, monsieur, that this revolution has ruined us."

Again he held up his hand.

"No more of that, M. de Tavernay. By the way, you have not yet asked me what her dowry is to be."

"No," I answered; "I had never thought of it."

He smiled queerly.

"Well, we can settle all that tomorrow," he said. "My chief concern is for your happiness. Tell me frankly, my friend, do you desire this marriage?"

"A man is bound by his oath, monsieur," I answered, trembling a little, but meeting without flinching the searching gaze he bent upon me. "Courage! Courage!" my heart repeated.

"I press this point," he added, "even perhaps to indiscretion, because M. de Margigny dropped what I fancied was a hint that you had formed another attachment."

I put the past behind me and faced the future squarely. The moment had come to lie and I met it as bravely as I could.

"M. de Margigny was mistaken," I said, steadily. "Be assured, monsieur, that if your daughter does me the honor to accept my hand, she will find that my heart goes with it."

He sprang to his feet and gripped his hands in mine.

"Spoken like a man!" he cried, his eyes shining strangely. "I feel that I have found a son—I give you my daughter gladly. Come," he added, "she awaits you," and he opened the door and motioned me to precede him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Guerdon.

For a moment I did not see her; then I caught the shimmer of her gown from the embrasure of a window, where she stood staring absently down into the street below, and there floated to me a faint perfume which shook me with the agony of recollection. I turned blindly, expecting her father to announce me, but found with astonishment that he had closed the door and left me alone with her. A terrible shyness and indecision seized me. To advance to her boldly, to take her hand—that was the lover's part, and yet I felt myself utterly unable to fulfill it. Ah what a horrible chance that she, too, should use that perfume! I had not reckoned upon that!

"Courage! Courage! Courage!" I repeated to myself, and touched the note warm against my heart; but in this supreme crisis, its power failed me.

So I stood where I was, the cold sweat upon my brow, looking foolish enough, as I have since been told, and waited for her to turn and discover me. That she did not turn surprised me more and more, for surely she must have heard the opening and closing of the door; then, as I saw her more clearly, I perceived that she, too, was agitated, for she carried her handkerchief to her lips once or twice with a hand anything but steady.

Whatever my cowardice, I could not permit her to suffer because of it, so I gripped my courage to me and advanced to her side.

"Mademoiselle," I began, stammeringly.

She turned suddenly and faced me—and I stood struck to stone, staring, not able to believe my eyes, for it was she—Charlotte—my love!

"You!" I murmured hoarsely at last. "You!"

The blood was coming and going in her cheeks; her eyes were luminous with a strange fire. She held out a trembling hand to me, and when I kissed it, I found it cold as ice.

"Did you think it very heartless of me to desert you, M. de Tavernay?" she questioned.

"At first, I could scarcely believe it," I stammered, still staring at her, "but afterwards I saw that you meant to be kind. I should not have won the battle if you had stayed."

"And you did win it!" she cried, her eyes glowing.

"Yes; your note helped—and—the rose leaves," I added, hoarsely.

"I found them—in your bosom," she said, her color deepening. "I thought—perhaps—you would like to have them."

"Yes," I said, "yes," then stopped, looking at her. "But one may lose a battle even after winning it," I warned her. "I fear I am losing mine. You are trusting me too far, as you did once before. Do you remember?" and my blood glowed at the recollection.

"Don't" she said, and turned away.

"Where is—"

I hesitated, looking about me. I could not say the words.

"Your betrothed?" she finished, turning back, her eyes gleaming in the old manner. "You are longing for her, then?"

"Without a rock to tie to." I said, as calmly as I could, "I shall be swept away in another moment, beyond hope of rescue. I have never seen you so beautiful! I have never loved you—"

She stopped me with a gesture.

"M. de Tavernay," she said, with impressive gravity, "it is my painful duty to tell you that Mdlle. de Benseval no longer exists."

"She is dead!" I murmured dazedly.

"Oh, not in the least! She was never more thoroughly alive than at this moment."

"Then she is married!" I cried, a great load lifting from my heart. "I see it all—she did love another—she has married him—"

"Wrong again, monsieur. She is still a maiden and does not love another."

"Come!" I said. "You are playing with me! I warn you it is dangerous!" and I gripped my arms behind me to keep them from about her.

She noticed the movement and retreated a step.

"Monsieur," she said, "I will tell you the story, if you will promise to remain where you are until I have finished."

"And after you have finished?"

"Oh, then, you may do as you please."

"I promise!" I cried, the blood bounding madly through my veins.

"It seems that your bethrothed is a willful and headstrong creature," she began, "and when the time came to prepare to marry you, she rebelled. She had been permitted, it appears, to form ideas of her own. She refused to give herself to a man she had never seen, or whom she remembered only as a thin and unattractive boy. So the day before you were to arrive, having failed to exact from her father the promise that the right of choice should be left to her—"

"Yes, he told me," I interrupted.

"But he did not tell you that she fled?"

"Fled!" I repeated. "Then that is the reason she is not here!"

"I am sure she would never have done it," my companion continued; "however irregular her training—would never perhaps have thought of a step so desperate, but for a book she happened to find one day in her father's library. She was attracted first by the illustrations, which were by Gravelot and very beautiful; then she became absorbed in the story, a translation from the English, which related the adventures of a young lady named Sophie Western who ran away from her father to avoid a marriage into which he would have forced her. The results of this flight proved so fortunate—for by it she won the man she really loved—that Mlle. de Benseval resolved to emulate it. So she mounted her horse one morning and instead of taking her usual ride, dismissed her groom and spurred away to the house of a friend, who she knew would sympathize with her and perhaps intercede with her father."

"Oh, it was with him she was in love!" I murmured.

"Not in the least, monsieur; she was in love with no one, and this friend was a woman. But that very evening, strangely enough, she met someone whom she fancied she might love; and in the days that followed, when they were much together, she was drawn very near to him; for she saw that he loved her passionately, devotedly. And at last, in a moment of trial, when he held her in his arms, she confessed that she loved him in return."

"Well," I said with a sigh of relief, "it appears to me then that I need think no more of Mdlle. de Benseval. Let us dismiss her—there is another topic—"

"Wait," she said; "I fear you will find yourself thinking a great deal about her, before long. For after that one moment, of utter joy, she drew away from her lover, held him at a distance, was unkind to him, although all the while she was longing to throw herself upon his bosom and draw his arms close about her!"

"What!" I said incredulously. "She did that? Was she mad, then."

"No, she was a woman, and she played with him because that is a woman's nature."

"Yet she knew he loved her!"

"Yes," she answered, her eyes glowing more and more. "She knew he loved her deeply and purely, as she could never hope to be loved again; but she resolved to put him to one supreme test. If he stood the test, she would adore him, worship him, she would be his body and soul, through all eternity. If he did not stand it—well, she would still love him!"

"And did he stand it?" I asked moved more and more by this story, to which, at first, I had listened but indifferently.

"Let me finish and you will see. She returned to her home, she opened her heart to her father, who is really the kindest and noblest of men, and he agreed to assist her in the test. So today—this evening—"

She faltered, stopped and looked at me, smiling tremulously, her cheeks suddenly flooded with color.

"Yes," I cried; "this evening—"

"Oh, it is more difficult than I had thought! How shall I go on? Three months ago, monsieur, there was a death in our family."

"Yes?" I asked, failing to see what this had to do with the story.

"It was that of my father's eldest brother," she continued, unsteadily, without looking at me, "so that my father, who, up to that time, had been M. de Benseval, succeeded to the title and became—became—"

"M. de Chambray!" I shouted, seeing it all as in a lightning-flash, and I sprang toward her, blind with sudden joy.

For an instant, she tried to hold me off; but my arms were about her, straining her to me. Then suddenly she yielded, and nestled to me, close, close against my heart.

"Oh, my love, my love, my love!" she cried, and raised her lips to mine.

"Did you call, M. de Tavernay?" asked a voice, and I raised my head to see my father's friend standing upon the threshold, looking at us with smiling face.

"Yes, monsieur," I answered, as intelligibly as I could. "I desired to announce to you that your daughter has decided to marry me."

"In faith," he said, a humorous light in his eye, "I somehow suspected it the moment I opened the door."

With which remark, he closed it again and left us alone together.

THE END

A LITTLE THING

Changes the Home Feeling.

Coffee blots out the sunshine from many a home by making the mother, or some other member of the household, dyspeptic, nervous and irritable. There are thousands of cases where the proof is absolutely undeniable. Here is one.

A Wis. mother writes:

"I was taught to drink coffee at an early age, and also at an arly age became a victim to headaches, and as I grew to womanhood these headaches became a part of me, as I was scarcely ever free from them.

"About five years ago a friend urged me to try Postum. I made the trial and the result was so satisfactory that we have used it ever since.

"My husband and little daughter were subject to billous attacks, but they have both been entirely free from them since we began using Postum instead of coffee. I no longer have headaches and my health is perfect."

If some of these nervous, tired, irritable women would only leave off coffee absolutely and try Postum they would find a wonderful change in their life. It would then be filled with sunshine and happiness rather than weariness and discontent. And think what an effect it would have on the family, for the mood of the mother is largely responsible for the temper of the children.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs: "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Don't Wait for Luck— Your Place is Found

Don't *wait* in line but head one of *your own*. If you are *sure* that you have the *ability*, the *enterprise* and the *grit*—if you *feel* that you can *hold* your *place* after you *strike* your *pace*—if you are filled with *ambition* to *hitch* your *youth* and your *best* to something *bigger*, go to

Lead Your Own Line

Carve Your Own Career

The Gulf Coast of Texas Along the Brownsville Line

and be one of the *builders* of the *new America*. There are *miles* and *miles* of *farm lands* whose soil is *so rich* and *so deep* that *everything* you plant *outgrows* the *best* of a *less favored* country. The *climate* works for you *365* days, the *land* never takes a *vacation*, the *farms* never *loaf*. The *right* place for *all* but *wrong* people.

Climate Always Works

Soil Never Idle

The best way to the Gulf Coast and other points in the Great Southwest is by Frisco Lines. Low rate success seekers' excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write to me today and I will send you full information about this wonder country, about the crops you can raise, the profits you can make and about people already there who live in homes of their own.

FRISCO LINES

ALEX. HILTON, General Passenger Agent
1410 Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Beggars and Earners.

People may be divided into four classes:

Predatory.
Mendicant.
Remittance.
Earners or servants.

Thieves, thugs, robbers, train wreckers—these are predatory.

Those who secure a livelihood by begging, by asking alms, by seeking good things of life without making an adequate return.

Remittance men are those who are given a livelihood without any request on their part being made. The sons and daughters of the very rich furnish many examples. These people do not beg. They get what they want without even that care. Remittance men are, therefore, lower than the mendicant classes, since it takes brains to be a robber or a beggar and none to be a remittance man.

But the highest of all is the earner, the servant, the doer, the worker. The man that succeeds, that achieves, that wins great victories is the great servant. He pays his way. He accepts nothing without giving a return. He never sits down and trusts to some unseen power to bring good things to him.

CHICKEN RAISING MORE PROFITABLE THAN EVER BEFORE

Scientific Methods Have Increased Profits Tremendously.

No one should attempt to raise chickens for profit without thoroughly posting themselves on the fine points of the business. Raising chickens is no child's play, and if you are determined to obtain the best results, get the most money from the least labor, read carefully some good book on the question. The RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., Box D50, Quincy Ill., have recently published for the benefit of the poultry raisers an illustrated book which is free to poultry raisers upon request.

This book explains the branches of the poultry business. It tells how to raise the healthiest fowls at the least expense—how to increase the egg yield and how to market to the best advantage.

There are many more interesting features among which are how to get fertile eggs and how to secure the largest hatch.

If you think of going into the poultry business or are already engaged in it and you are determined to get the best possible results—don't fail to send for this book—it doesn't cost anything and it might show the way to bigger profits than you ever thought possible in the poultry business.

GERMANS TO RAISE MEAT

Statistical tables are used to illustrate the importance of meat production in Germany, which was formerly only a side issue of agriculture. To offset the high prices of feeds it is pointed out that more economy is needed in saving the waste of the cities which may be used for feeds or fertilizers, and more feeds must be grown at home if meat production is to be profitable. As the acreage in Germany cannot be increased to any extent, the yields per acre must be increased and every available foot of land must be utilized.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

SOLD ONE PARROT.

Bird Assisted Auctioneer as Best He Could.

New York Sun.

Among the articles offered for sale in a Brooklyn auction shop was a parrot. The bird was in a big wire cage and was very green so far as his plumage was concerned, but no further.

Apparently realizing that he was about to be subjected to the indignity of being stood on the auction block, the parrot seemed determined not to be knocked down without a hearing, and some of his remarks caused the women to stuff their handkerchiefs into their ears and the men to laugh uproariously.

As the bird was picked up by the auctioneer and held aloft so that all might have a good view of him the parrot promptly greeted the assemblage with "Ah, delighted!"

"How much am I bid for him?" cried the auctioneer.

"Fifty cents," lisped an old woman, and as she did so the parrot cocked his head and shouted "Mary! Mary!"

"Twouldn't pay the price of the cage," wailed the auctioneer. "Well I'm offered 50 cents. Any other bids?"

"Seventy-five cents!" shouted a man on the fringe of the crowd. As though trying to stir up strife between the first and second bidders, the parrot broke in with "Get the ax! Mary, Mary, get the ax!" Then as if to prove that he was a parrot of many parts he sang something about Waltz Me Around Again, Willie. The auctioneer, evidently thinking the parrot was making a hit with the crowd, permitted him to warble the melody for some time and then announced that the bird should bring at least $10.

"Oi, Oi!" screamed the parrot, and the auctioneer smilingly asked for a good, generous bid.

"I'll blow a couple of bones on him," called a man who stood before the parrot's cage. Immediately the parrot caught up the word "blow" and blurted out, "Blow, blow yourself! Ha, ha, ha! Blow yourself!"

As the parrot was handed over to his purchaser, a jolly-faced German, who said he would teach him "low Dutch," the parrot, apparently enraged, said things which no self-respecting parrot ever would dream of saying in polite society. Then as he was carried out into the street by his new owner the bird mumbled to himself despairingly: "O, b—l!"

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I am having bad luck with my breeding ewes. I have stabled them well and have given them plenty of corn, hay and fodder, but they get weak, run bloody matter from the nose, and finally die. Will some one tell me what to do for them?—S., Gillespieville, Ohio.

I have a cow that is troubled with a cough and is in poor condition, but she eats well and gives a good quality of milk. Will some reader of the Farmstead tell what is the matter with her and suggest a remedy?—M., Swoope, Va.

Would like to know how to prevent the destruction of a lawn by moles. Somebody please answer.—C., Ravenna, Ohio.

Will somebody please tell me the best time to spray fruit trees, and give a recipe for the proper mixture to use?—A., Gallipolis, Ohio.

I would like to know how to cultivate spinach. Does the seed have to be sown very year?—D., Criders, Va.

(Spinach must be sown every year. Buy a package of seeds and follow the instructions printed thereon.—Ed. Farmstead.)

My mare is in good condition, but when she comes out of the barn she limps, but gets better after being driven a few miles. She seems to be sore in her knees, shoulders and hips. I would be pleased to know what is the matter with her.—M.

Can some one tell me what to do to rid trees of black knots. My plum trees are full of them. They are of a fine variety, but they never bore but once. I am anxious to save them if it is possible.—R., Concord, N. H.

Will somebody kindly tell me something about artichokes? Are they good for hogs, and is it profitable to raise them?—H., Grafton, W. Va.

Inasmuch as a great deal has been said in the different farm papers, etc., about the wonderberry, I would like to hear something from one or more of the Farmstead readers. I appeal to some truthful person to know if there is such a thing grown as is described and illustrated in many papers. If there is such a berry where can it be procured? I want something to take the place of the detestable black nightshade.—W., Arlington, Ind.

Will some one please tell me how to make a home-made brooder, one that will accommodate about 50 chicks?—M., Lewistown, Pa.

ASTHMATIC HENS

Ed. Farmstead—Some one wanted to know what to do for hens that seemed to have asthma. I had a whole flock afflicted in the same way, and I did not lose one of them. Take one part sulphur, one part epsom salts, a little black pepper and mix with bread crumbs, and make into pills. Give them four or five times a day and keep their breast and neck soaked in olive oil and camphor. Keep them in a dry place.—H., Lewis Run, Pa.

"BLACK TOOTH"

Ed. Farmstead—Will you let a woman tell what she thinks is the matter with B.'s hogs? I think it is a case of black tooth, the same as wolf tooth in colts. It is a small tooth on the side of the jaw. Some have them on both jaws. I take a spike, make a notch in the end with a file, put the notch on the tooth and close to the jaw, work the tooth loose and pull it out. If it breaks off dig it out. Feed the hogs something light for a few days and give salt in their drink. Rub their legs with a cob.—Mrs. L., Beaver Dam, N. Y.

HOTBED FOR SWEET POTATOES

In the Farmstead column R. asks how to make a hotbed for sweet potatoes. Here is my method: For every bushel of seed potatoes open in a warm, dry place a pit 10 inches deep, 4x8 feet; fill 6 inches with hot horse manure from stable, and then cover 1½ inch with dry soil. Place the potatoes on the bed so that they do not touch and cover with 3 inches of dry soil. Cover with boards until warm weather, or until you see the sprouts peeping out of the ground. Then uncover and sprinkle the bed. In Tennessee we bed sweet potatoes about the middle of April.—C., Lascassas, Tenn.

QUACK GRASS

In answer to G.'s question in regard to quack grass and how to destroy it I would advise as follows: The summer fallow is probably the most satisfactory way of destroying quack grass on any large scale. Turn the sod under in spring and plow again as often as any amount of grass appears above ground, until September, when rye or wheat may be sown if desired. It is best to remove fences or other obstructions to the plow that make harboring places for the underground stems. Small patches may be destroyed by covering the ground deeply with straw or other litter, or by devoting the ground to some crop that requires clean cultivation, cauliflower or celery, provided the clean cultivation is faithfully given. Patches of quack grass should never be cross cultivated in tilling the field that contains it, as this is one of the surest ways of spreading the stem to new location.—F., North Baltimore, Ohio.

THE GUINEA FOWL

With the gradual disappearance of natural game birds there is growing up a demand in the cities for a domestic bird which has all the qualities of the game bird in color and texture of the flesh and the game flavor that epicures so much delight in, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. We refer to the guinea fowl, which has heretofore been kept more as an odd bird than because there was any particular profit in breeding it.

The guinea, as we know it, is but one of many varieties, all of which originally came from Africa. The ancient Romans were acquainted with the guinea fowl, but there is good reason for thinking that the guinea fowl of old Rome was one of the species found in eastern Africa, rather than the native of the west coast, which is found in large numbers in its native country, identical in shape and color with the guinea of our farmyards.

Guineas are fowls that do best when treated on the let-alone principle. They have a natural inclination to wander in the fields and seek their own food. If given a wide range, such as they can have on a farm they care little for the feeds of domestication, wandering forth early and staying abroad late, during all of the year when they can find seeds, green stuffs and insects to eat.

In mating guineas, not more than two hens should be allowed for one cock, although occasionally a cock will mate with more than this number. In their natural state they mate in pairs, but under domestication they have broken away from the original plan and accept more than one mate.

It requires from twenty-six to twenty-eight days to hatch guinea eggs, and it is best to hatch them under common hens.

When they are first hatched they are as wild as quails, and will run away and hide and finally become lost if they are not confined in a pen in which they can not find a hole out of which to creep; and they will find the hole if it is there. A pen made of foot-wide boards will keep them long enough so they will become accustomed to the mother hen. Once they get acquainted with their foster mother and learn her language they are very affectionate and will talk to her as they follow her about, never leaving her day or night. Indeed, they stay with the hens all the season and even through the winter.

Guineas are quite prolific layers hiding their nests in the fields as does a turkey, unless they have been accustomed to sleeping in a house. If hatched with hens they do not have such wild dispositions and frequently lay in the nests provided for hens, until about the time when they become broody, when they steal away and lay a clutch of eggs to hatch.

The young are quite tender for a few days and should be fed little and very often at first. In a short time they become hardy, and after that will endure any kind of weather that may come, even to sleeping out of doors in the coldest weather.

The eggs are small, but of good flavor, but there is no market demand for them, and, except for home consumption or for use in hatching, they are not valuable.

Guinea hens are not good mothers. It must be a very favorable season in which a guinea hen will raise more than a few of the young she hatches. As a rule they wander about through damp grass until the young are mostly lost.

TEST THE EGGS

Are you sure the eggs from breeding pens are fertile? Before selling any or setting many yourself or five eggs, or, much better, an egg from each hen in the pen should be placed under a broody hen and tested at the end of a week for fertility. This is the only quick and sure method by which you can know whether the eggs are fertile or not at the opening of the breeding season.

ENDIVE

The endive is a form of chicory. Sow the seeds thinly in drills, and when the plants are well established thin to eight inches. Water and cultivate thoroughly in order that a good growth of leaves may be made. When the leaves are six to eight inches in length draw them together and tie them so the heart will blanch. The leaves should not be tied up while wet or decay will follow. The heads should be used as soon as blanched. For winter use sow the seeds rather late and remove the plans, with a ball of earth adhering to the roots, to a cellar or cold frame, and blanch during the winter as required for use.

Endive is used as a salad at times of the year when lettuce and similar crops are out of season.

FERTILIZERS

A study of fertilizers and the soil requirements of plant life, says a writer in House of Gardens, will more than repay every one who has anything to plant. Do not put off looking into this until the rush of spring planning and, later, spring planting is upon you, but find out all you can about soils and fertilizers, so you may be ready to go about your gardening fully prepared to put into its preparation a knowledge of the soil ingredients that will bring forth therefrom finer fruits and vegetables and more beautiful flowers.

Of course stable and barnyard manure is one of the best fertilizers when properly applied, but it is not always possible, even in rural communities to obtain these manures. Indeed, in a New York farm community last summer the writer found that the farmers required every bit of stable and barnyard manure available for fertilizing their fields and consequently he was glad to find in the commercial fertilizers upon the market an excellent substitute in furthering the growth of the flower plants and the few vegetables of his little garden.

One may also learn to mix fertilizers himself that will prove, after some study and experiment, especially suited to the needs of the particular soil that needs enriching. One of the best fertilizers for the ordinary vegetable garden's soil may be compounded as follows:

Nitrate of soda	5 per cent.
Sulphate of ammonia	10 per cent.
Dried blood	15 per cent.
Acid phosphate	55 per cent.
Muriate of potash	15 per cent.

This later may give place to 15 per cent of sulphate of potash if that proves better for the soil's requirements. Five hundred pounds of this mixture will dress half an acre, but a spring application of this sort ought to be supplemented by at least two dressings of nitrate of soda.

The amount of ingredients required would be as follows: Nitrate of soda, 5 pounds; sulphate of ammonia, 10 pounds; dried blood, 15 pounds; acid phosphate, 55 pounds; muriate of potash, 15 pounds. If this latter is substituted use 15 pounds of sulphate of potash in place of it. The after dressings of nitrate of soda recommended would be from 10 to 15 or 20 pounds each.

In all compounded fertilizers care must be taken to give their ingredients even distribution, mixing all thoroughly.

Besides the substances in the above compound, lime, land plaster and gypsum are used as indirect fertilizers, that is, as substances to correct acid or sour soils, to make certain soils slightly alkaline, to bind soils too loose and sandy in themselves, and again the better to enable soils to retain the strength of the potash compounds until they are required by the plants.

RESULT OF STUDY OF TWELVE OAT FIELDS

S. B. Mason, farmers' institute director, made a special study of 12 oat fields in McLean county last summer. Following are some of his items and conclusions: Field 1, harrowed when too wet, the yield was 46 bushels to the acre. Field 2, just across the road, on very strong corn land, was double disked and drilled ten days later and ripened a week earlier, but yielded only 35 bushels. This field was sown too thick (3½ bushels per acre) and was damaged by a hot spell just before ripening. Very few plants stooled out.

Field 3 was disked three times, but rain prevented harrowing. It was seeded too thick, did not stool out and yielded only 37 bushels. Other yields were poor in that locality. Field 5 was sown a little late with Big Four oats, 2½ bushels per acre, broadcast, on fairly good land. The oats looked thin and weedy all spring, but yielded 49 bushels per acre to the surprise of the owner and others. Field 7, fairly good ground, was spring plowed and drilled with 2½ bushels per acre of Big Four oats. The grain appeared thin all summer, but yielded 50 bushels per acre. The plants stooled but little, but the heads were large.

Field 8, which had been well farmed for 12 years from blue grass and frequently manured, was spring plowed, harrowed fine and drilled with 3 bushels per acre of Big Four Oats, which had been graded. The growth was strong and fine all the spring and the yield was 80 bushels per acre. Other fields in that locality produced 60 to 70 bushels. Field 9, on ordinary corn land, was seeded with 2¾ bushels per acre of well cleaned Big Four Oats, broadcast and double-disked. There was little stooling and the yield was 45 bushels.

Fields 10 and 11 cornered; one was on very strong land in first class condition and yielded 70 bushels per acre, while the other was ordinary corn and the crop somewhat thin and the yield 42 bushels per acre. The seed, seeding and cultivation were the same on both. Field 12 was crossed by a strip of virgin soil which had been an old roadway. This strip grew oats a foot taller than the rest of the field.

Five of these fields had very few plants that stooled at all. Many stalks were fine and puny and bore only a few grains, and many heads were only partly filled. This condition has been observed for the past few years and Mr. Mason suggests it may be caused by lack of plant food in the soil or by the seed "running out," or both. This condition calls for a careful test by plant breeding.

Mr. Mason believes from a study of these fields and the reports of other farmers that we are more likely to get the oats too thick upon the ground than too thin. Spring plowing showed but little advantage over fall plowed land. He attributes the low yield on some farms largely to the poor seed used and no attempt to grade it with a fanning mill, and believes that the farmer can greatly improve his oats by selecting the best heads from strong growing plants and starting a breeding plot with the seed from each head planted in a separate row and selecting seed year after year only from the high-producing rows.

The manurial value of clover is said to be $5.45 per ton. This is because of the high content of nitrogen. While nitrogen is the important ingredient of clover manure, there are other elemets of fertility, also; namely phosphorus and potassium, which add to the value of any manure. All the leguminous crops like alfalfa and the vetches have a high content of nitrogen and are thus highly prized as fertilizers.

TURNING A TIGHT NUT

A wagon wheel nut that becomes too tight to be removed in the usual way may be loosened by the following method: Put a wrench on and fit it tightly to the nut and then tie a short

piece of rope to the wrench handle and to one of the spokes in the wheel. Push the wagon backward a few feet and the turning wheel will loosen the nut. The nuts may be tightened in the same manner by pushing the wagon forward.—P. A. Harlan, Norman, Neb.

FEEDING SQUASH AND PUMPKINS

"Will you please send me full information regarding the feeding of pumpkins and squashes? I wish to know how to seed, when to feed, what to feed and how much to feed."

Pumpkins or squash, as you understand, contain a large percentage of water. Aside from this the seeds are nitrogenous in nature and the balance is carbonaceous and must be used accordingly. Aside from this pumpkins are said to have vermifuge properties which give them an additional value.

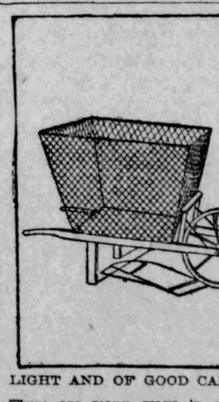
(I am indebted to Professor Dietrich for the above answer.)

TESTING FOR FERTILITY

To the Editor—I have been an interested reader of your paper for many years. In regard to applying phosphates to soil deficient in richness (barnyard manure not available), is it necessary to test soil to see what it requires? If so, how? Also kindly let me know through your valuable paper the address of dealers in such materials as go toward enriching the soil.—W. L. Heberer, Niota, Ill.

Yes, it is necessary to test your soil in some way to determine what elements of plant food are needed. If your soil is of clayey nature you will not need one, potassium, of the three elements usually lacking in the average Illinois soil. You must turn under a cutting of your clover crop so the acid formed will release the element potassium now held in combination with other elements in the soil. You probably will need additional phosphorus. To determine whether you do or not, take a small area of the land and add bone meal to it or acid phosphate and grow a crop of corn or oats thereon. Note whether there is any effect by comparison with a plot selected grown to corn or oats where no phosphate has been added. Do likewise with potassium and nitrogen. Clovers gather nitrogen from the air and all that is necessary is to plow under a crop of clover, let it rot good and then note whether better crops result on that special area of ground. Experiment thus in a small way, adding the materials you think are needed—only three at most in ordinary prairie soils—and then apply each to your soils in separate plots. First make a "check" plot (adding nothing) to check up the others—that is, see if there is any improvement gained in increased crops when plant food elements are added. Add rock phosphate (or acid phosphate for quick results) to plot No. 1; add nitrate of soda or turn under a cutting of clover on plot No. 2 to see if nitrogen is needed, and to No. 3 add a form of potassium, muriate of potash. Unless your soil is of a mucky nature it does not need potassium. If your soil is acid the acidity can be corrected by the addition of ground limestone. Make your experimental plots about one rod wide and eight rods long. For that size plots the following amounts of fertilizer are used: Fifteen pounds of nitrate of soda for the test of nitrogen, 30 pounds of acid phosphate for the determination of phosphorus and 15 pounds of muriate of potash for the determination of potassium. You might add all three substances in proportions mentioned on one plot to note effects, and also apply one-half ton of manure on the plot. This will make six plots with the one on which nothing is placed, which should be located as about the fourth plot. The plots should be located side by side on well-drained soil. It will require two or three seasons to get very noticeable results. Repeat several years the program given and the work will prove interesting as well as valuable. We do not publish the names of firms dealing in supplies, but will send you the names in a private letter.—Editor Farm Page.

Top for Wheelbarrow



LIGHT AND OF GOOD CAPACITY.

There are many ways in which the wheelbarrow top shown in the illustration will be useful, but particularly in collecting cut grass and dried leaves from suburban lawns. The device was designed by a Pennsylvania man, and is certain to have wide popularity.

For Lame Back

An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment.

This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. JAMES C. LEE, of 1100 9th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back. I suffered terribly at times; from the small of my back all around my stomach was just as if I had been beaten with a club. I used every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much ladder work as any man in the shop, thanks to

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. J. P. EVANS, of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

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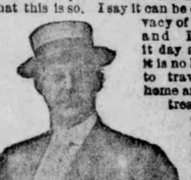
Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Trial Package Free

Every Man, Woman and Child Suffering From Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Hacking Cough and Throat or Lung Trouble Should Write at Once.

Dr. Hill Says:

"Consumption is positively and absolutely curable and preventable. All authorities agree that this is so. I say it can be cured in the privacy of your own home, and I am proving it day after day. I say it is no longer necessary to travel away from home and friends. I am treating right today, cases of advanced and desperate consumption, which had been given up by their friends and advised to move to another climate, perhaps to die. But they have remained at home under my 'Rational' Treatment, with results that would quicken the heart of any man to see.



DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL
Snapshot of the Doctor taken a few days ago.

Everyone who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other deadly symptom of Consumption, should send for a trial package of Dr. Hill's New Rational Remedy and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured. This treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health.

Any bank or business firm in Jackson, Michigan, will tell you Dr. Hill is reliable, successful and a prominent citizen in excellent standing.

HAYNER'S GREAT SPECIAL OFFER!

Read it—Take Advantage of it NOW!

We want to add your name to our list of patrons. We want to place some of our very finest Whiskey before you—so you may KNOW how rich, pure and delicious it is—and may appreciate how much you save by our plan of selling Direct From Distillery to you. And to induce you to send us your order NOW—we make you this special offer.

3 Quarts Hayner Private Stock Bottled-In-Bond Whiskey, at 80 cents a quart.
1 Quart Hayner Fine —Old W. S. K.— Straight Whiskey, at $1.30 a quart.
4 Quarts for $3.70

HAYNER Patent Combination LOCK STOPPER and SIDEBOARD DECANTER FREE with each order.

DIRECT from DISTILLERY—EXPRESS CHARGES PAID

OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND DISTINCT. When the goods arrive, open one, two or all the bottles—give the whiskey a good, fair trial—examine the Lock Stopper and Decanter and put them to the test—and if not found exactly as we represent—you may send back the goods at our expense and your $3.70 will be returned by first mail.

HAYNER'S PATENT COMBINATION LOCK STOPPER is exactly as shown in the illustration. It is fitted with a dial like the combination on a safe—locks into the bottle and cannot be withdrawn by any one who does not know the combination. It is a safeguard against anyone tampering with your whiskey. The Decanter is in cut-glass pattern—bears no label or other advertising, and is an ornament to any sideboard.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TODAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

On account of the high express rates, orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Wash. or Wyo. must call for $4.50 express prepaid.

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St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.
Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

TCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

ACCOMMODATING.

employer—Here! What does this mean? telephone's been taken out.

ffice Boy—Sure. De office boy next r said his boss would like to use it, I sent it in to him; but, say I had awful time to git it off de wall.

1 Full Quart WHISKEY FREE

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WILHELMINA

Will you please give a brief biography of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands?—H. M. G., Rudd, Pa.

Wilhelmina I, queen of the Netherlands, was born in The Hague, August 31, 1880. She is the daughter of William III of the Netherlands, by his second wife, Emma of Waldeck. In 1890, when her father died, she became queen, but as she had not attained the majority her mother ruled as queen-regent. Wilhelmina was carefully educated in the meantime by the best tutors. In 1898, shortly after her 18th birthday, she was crowned queen at Amsterdam. Her charming personality and strength of character have made her very popular with her people; she has also been strongly influenced by her mother, who is equally well loved by the people. In 1901 Wilhelmina was married to Henry Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

FULTON COUNTY

Will you please tell me when Fulton county was formed, and what it was formed from? Where was the first settlement?—G. F. F., Blissfield, Mich.

Fulton county, Ohio, was formed February 28, 1850, from Lucas, Henry and Williams counties. In 1854 Wauseon was platted, and the first building was erected as a store and dwelling in April of that year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I would like to have you publish in these columns the sketch of the life of Sir Walter Scott.—C. B., Reed City, Mich.

Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish poet and novelist, was born August 15, 1771, and died September 21, 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. During his leisure hours as an advocate he studied German, finally translating several German books into English. In 1802 he published two volumes of ancient ballads which he had collected. It was not until 1805 that he attracted any decided attention as a poet. After being engaged in writing poetry for some time he began to write prose under another name. In 1814 the first of his novels, Waverley, was written. In 1811 Scott purchased a farm of about 90 acres which he added to until he had quite a good-sized estate. During the following years he wrote many books. He was also a member of a publishing firm which became bankrupt in 1826. In order to pay his debts Scott wrote several books for which he received good sums, and also he sold the copyrights to his novels at auction. He retired from active duties in 1830, and in the following winter went to Italy for his health. His strength went rapidly back on him and he only remained away for a few months. He returned to England very quickly in order to reach his home before his death, in which object he was successful.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Please publish a biography of Sir Francis Drake.—D. W. A., Wheeling, S. D.

Sir Francis Drake was an English navigator. He was born in England about 1540. He joined Sir John Hawkins in his last expedition against the Spaniards (1567), losing nearly all he possessed in that unfortunate enterprise. Having gathered a number of adventurers around him, he contrived to fit out a vessel in which he made two successful cruises to the West Indies in 1570 and 1571. In 1572 with two small ships, he again sailed for the Spanish main, captured the cities of Nombre de Dios and Vera Cruz, burned Porto Bello, captured and destroyed many Spanish ships, crossed the isthmus to the highest point of the dividing ridge, where, climbing a tree, from whose tops the guides told him both seas could be seen, he gazed upon the vast waters of the South Seas and with that touch of romantic enthusiasm that redeemed all his piracies. "Besought Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail at once in an English ship in that sea." Drake arrived at Plymouth Sunday, August 9, 1573, during sermon time, when the news of his return "did so speedily possess over all the church, and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the preacher, all hastening to see the evidence of God's love and blessing toward our gracious Queen and country." In 1590 he sailed from Plymouth on his last expedition to the West Indies. Ill fortune followed the fleet from the beginning; Hawkins, the second in command, died off Porto Rico in November, and Drake became ill and died off Porto Bello, January 25, 1596.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Will you please give an account of the surface, climate, and resources of Prince Edward Island?—B. H. R., Willamsport, O.

The surface of Prince Edward island undulates gently, nowhere rising so high as to become mountainous, or sinking so low as to form a monotonous flat. Most of the soil consists of light reddish loam, sometimes approaching to a strong clay, but more frequently of a light and sandy texture. The prevailing rock is a triassic reddish sandstone. The island is well watered by numerous springs and streams. At one time the whole island was covered with many trees, and even at the present only about one-third of it is cleared. There are no minerals of any importance, but the fisheries are valuable.

The climate is much milder than that of the adjoining continent, and the air generally free from the fogs which spread along the shores of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, is remarkably salubrious. During the greater part of July, August, and September the temperature seldom varies from more than 75 to 80 degrees.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES

Please tell what you know about James J. Jeffries. With what men has he fought?—E. F., Eagleport, O.

James J. Jeffries was born April 15, 1875, in Carroll, Ohio. His height is 6 feet 1½ inches. His weight averages 220 pounds. James J. Jeffries knocked out Dan Long, T. Van Buskirk, Henry Baker, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Finnegan, Jim Corbett, Joe Kennedy, Gus Ruhlin, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbet and Jack Munroe. He won over Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Pete Everett, Tom Sharkey, Bob Armstrong, Tom Sharkey and Kank Griffin. He has fought to a draw with Gus Ruhlin and Joe Choynski. He failed to knock out Jack Munroe in an exhibition fight.

POSTAGE

Will you tell about the changes made in the rates of postage of this country from the beginning to the present time?—S. W., Harrisville, W. Va.

From 1792 to 1845 the postage on mail matter in the United States was very high, ranging from six cents to 25 cents on letters, according to the distance. In the latter year it was reduced to five cent for 3,000 miles or less, and 10 cents for greater distances. In 1851 it was made three cents for 3,000 miles, if prepaid, and five cents if not prepaid. The rates were doubled for greater distances. In 1863 an uniform rate was established for all distances. This rate was three cents and it was reduced 20 years later to two cents. Until 1845 letters were either single or double, according to whether they had one sheet of paper or two. After that year a parcel which did not exceed one-half an ounce in weight was deemed a single letter. Since 1885 a letter weighing one ounce is carried for cents. Until 1851 there was no reduction for prepayment, but in that year a difference of two cents was made. Prepayment was first required in the year 1855, and this continues to be the rule.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Will you please tell what you can concerning the history of the American flag?—Q. L. T., Wacousta, Mich.

The national flag had no single or definite origin. Before and during part of the revolution many flags of different designs were used by different colonies and different companies of soldiers. There were also a great many private flags in use at the time of the war for separation from England. But in 1775 a committee recommended for a national flag the British union plus 13 stripes. This design congress adopted. Paul Jones claims to have been the first to raise the national flag, but it seems to have been one of the rattlesnake type; though that was the kind selected by the congressional naval committee in 1776. In June, 1776, it was unofficially decided by congress and Washington, in view of the impending Declaration, to replace the union by a five-pointed star; but the first official adoption of a flag was on June 14, 1777, displacing the union by 13 stars, and using just the same number of stripes. The first use of the flag is disputed; it seems to have been displayed and run up over captured British standards at Fort Stanwix, August 8, 1777, after the battle of Oriskany, but a regular flag was made and carried at the battle of Brandywine in the following September.

When Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the union two new stripes and the same number of stars were added, and no further changes were made for 25 years. In 1818 it was finally ordered that the 15 stripes be reduced permanently to 13, in memory of the original colonies, and the stars keep pace with the total number of states, on the July 4 after each admission. The arrangement of the stars was not specified and has been left to the taste of the makers.

CEREALS

Please tell what cereals are.—G. V. H., Salem, W. Va.

The name of cereals is sometimes extended to such plants as beans, lentils, etc., but it is more usually and properly confined to wheat, barley, rye, and oats, which are used as human food. In agriculture cereals are usually considered as exhausting crops, partly on account of their trailing roots; their mode of nutrition, which is effected more by the roots than by the leaves; their slender stems, which allow weeds to grow and rob the soil; and from the necessity of allowing them to attain to maturity before they are reaped. It is considered one of the rules of good husbandry not to take two cereal or white crops in succession, but to make them alternate with root crops, which, growing in rows some distance apart from each other, have the additional advantage of allowing weeds to be destroyed by means of repeated hoeings.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Will you please give a sketch through the Question Bureau of the life of Senator La Follette?—L. S. R., Saltville, Va.

Robert Marion La Follette, the American lawyer and politician, was born June 14, 1855, in Primrose, Wisconsin. In 1879 he graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and the next year was admitted to the bar. The same year he became the district attorney of Dane county, retaining that position until 1884, when he took up the regular practice of his profession. He was elected to congress in 1887 and served for four years. While holding such office he made a reputation as an orator, and as a member of the committe of ways and means took a prominent part in the framing of the McKinley tariff bill. At the close of his service in congress he resumed his practice, and remained active in politics, becoming one of the leaders of the younger men in the Republican party. In 1900 La Follette was elected the governor of his state and served for two terms, after which he was made a United States senator, which position he now holds.

COMETS

Please give a list of the periodic comets, when first discovered, and how often they return.—W. J. M., Dean, N. C.

The list of the periodic comets are the Encke comet, discovered March 7, 1885, with a period of 3.3 years; the Tempel, November 20, 1888, 5.2 years; the Barnard, February 17, 1890, 5.4 years; Tempel-Swift, May 9, 1888, 5.5 years; Brorsen, March 30, 1879, 5.5 years; Winnecke, September 4, 1886, 5.8 years; Tempel, September 25, 1885, 6.5 years; Biela, September 23, 1852, 6.6 years; D'Arrest, January 13, 1884, 6.7 years; Faye, January 22, 1881, 7.6 years; Tuttle, September 11, 1885, 13.8 years; Pons-Brooks, January 25, 1884, 71.5 years; Olbers, October 13, 1887, 72.6 years; and the Halley, November 15, 1835, 76.5 years.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

What can you say of the Star of Bethlehem? F. G. M., Albion, Ill.

The efforts of astronomy to convert into a plain scientific fact an event miraculously connected with the birth of Christ and Christianity have so far proved unsuccessful. The star is said to have first appeared at the time of the birth of Christ. At various times since the appearance of Tycho Brahe's star in the constellation Cassiopeia, in 1572, the celebrated Nova of that year, it has been suggested that this might be a variable star of long period, though there is nothing now in the vicinity of the place of this star brighter than the twelfth or thirteenth magnitude. Nevertheless a reported appearance of a bright star in somewhere near that part of the heavens about the middle of the thirteenth century combined with a more vague account of some similar appearance a little more than 800 years earlier, furnished material for conjecture that these might possibly be former appearances of the star of 1572, giving a period of about 810 or 815 years, which would carry it back three periods more to about the time of the birth of Christ.

NOAH WEBSTER

Will you please give a biography of Noah Webster through the Question Bureau?—J. A. B., Scioto, O.

Noah Webster, the American lexicographer, was born October 16, 1758, and died May 28, 1843. He entered Yale college but his studies were interrupted by the outbreak of the revolution, in which he served under his father as a volunteer. He graduated in 1778, and was admitted to the bar in 1781, but the unsettled state of the country prevented his obtaining a suitable opening in his profession, and in 1782 he went to New Goshen, N. Y., where he taught a classical school. It has been stated that of his first work, the spelling book, over 62,000,000 copies were published by 1785. From that time his activity in the literary field was very great. He also wrote about the national constitution and in 1789 he began practicing law at Hartford, but four years later removed to New York where he established a daily paper for the purpose of supporting the government. He published some essays on the French revolution and also wrote a work on contagious diseases. He then began to work on the American dictionary, devoting many years to the collection of new words and preparation of more free and exact definitions. When the book was nearly finished he visited Europe in order to obtain such information as he could not secure in this country. In 1828 the first edition was published and in 1840 the second, which was an improvement over the first. Webster was, throughout life, associated with the most eminent men of the country, and always took an active share in public life, supporting his party chiefly by his pen. Several enlarged and improved editions of his dictionary have been published since his death, both in America and England, and it has always held its place as a standard work.

ARIZONA

Please tell something of the climate and crops of Arizona.—L. E. W., Carroll, Wyo.

Arizona is a tropic country modified by its elevation in the north. There are no true summer and winter, but a short rainy season in midsummer and a dry one the rest of the year. There are more clear days in Arizona than in any other place in the United States. The dry air is very healing to lung and catarrhal disease. The mean rainfall of the northern plateau is 20 inches, to mean temperature 45 degrees; of the southwest, 5 inches and 69 degrees. The torrid plains around Fort Yuma are frequently 120 degrees in the shade.

The principal minerals are copper, gold, silver, lead, mercury, platinum, nickel, tin, iron, salt, gypsum, borax, sulphur, marble and turquois. The agricultural products are alfalfa, wheat and other cereals, potatoes and cotton. In the future typical crops will probably be figs, dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, raisin grapes and almonds.

ROOSEVELT'S WRITINGS

Will you please give some of the names of the books written by Roosevelt?—E. S., Lansing, Mich.

Some of Roosevelt's writings are Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, Life of T. H. Benton, Life of Gouverneur Morris, Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail, History of the City of New York, Essays on Practical Politics, The Wilderness Hunter, American Ideals, The Rough Riders, A Life of Oliver Cromwell, The Strenuous Life, Hero Tales from American History, The Deer Family, and the Winning of the West.

THE ODD FELLOWS

Please tell something about the origin of the Odd Fellows, both in England and this country.—A. E. W., Maple Ridge, Mich.

The order of Odd Fellows sprang from societies of mechanics and laborers which existed in London before 1800. From these sprang the "Union Order of Odd Fellows," whose headquarters were in London, with branches in other English cities. Some of the members tried to abolish the convivial character of its meetings, and a number of lodges seceded and formed the Manchester Unity. In 1825 a central standing committee was established in Manchester to govern the order between the sessions of the grand lodge, and the Manchester Unity still constitutes the main body of British Odd Fellows.

Thomas Wildey and four others organized Washington lodge No. 1, in Baltimore, April 26, 1819, to work according to the London or union order. A lodge was organized in Boston in 1820, and in Philadelphia in 1821. Since then the order has been established in every state and territory of the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. C. W., Kimbolton, O.: Fletcherism is the idea advocated by Doctor Fletcher as to how we should masticate our food.

J. R. S., Beaver Creek, Minn., Roosevelt's mother was not living when he was elected President.

B. R., Apaluchee, Ga.: The state of Georgia is in the fifth judicial circuit. The district judges of that state are Wm. T. Newman and Emory Speer.

J. C. M., Bellevue, Mich.: The covering of an aeroplane is made of canvas.

W. P. K., Utica, O.: New Mexico and Arizona have not been admitted to the Union. There are now 46 states in the United States.

C. A. F., Kennedy, N. Y.: Iron expands when heated and contracts when cooled.

M. A., Girard, Pa.: We haven't the space to answer your question.

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Latest of the Pirates

New York Evening Sun.

THE last chapter of as romantic a story of crime, with an interweaving of narrow escapes and dogged detective work, as the courts of New York county have heard in many years, was written in the criminal branch of the supreme court when Francis G. Bailey, the leader in the episode of the piratical ship Goldsboro's cruise into Central American waters in May, 1908, received a term in Sing Sing set from four years and a half to seven years and one month.

Bailey was convicted of grand larceny in the first degree before Justice Davis last week for attempting to make away with $45,000 worth of machinery, with which the steamship was loaded.

Bailey was president of the Export Shipping Co., of 11 Broadway, and his brother, Alfred W., was secretary of the concern. On May 3, 1908, they started with a shipload of engineering supplies from the port of New York without taking out the necessary clearing papers and without paying the different manufacturing firms for the goods. The vessel was at once declared a pirate by the government, and when the Goldsboro was reported at Tela, Honduras, a few days later, the Honduras authorities were persuaded to hand the Baileys over, although no extradition treaty existed between the two countries.

On the way up the coast Francis Bailey slipped away from the detectives who had been sent for him and got safely to the Honduras shore, where he lay in hiding for several weeks until a liberal use of money secured him passage to Jamaica and from there to Halifax. The secretary arrived in New York under guard and was speedily convicted. He has now served about a year of a sentence practically equal to the one given F. G. Bailey today.

From Halifax Bailey, the fugitive, was traced by Detective David Wilber, of the district attorney's office, across Canada to Vancouver. He used the name of E. S. Kent, but changed it to Kirconnel when he arrived at the British Columbian city. Wilber was thrown off the scent for the time by this move and he returned to New York. He then set out to trace the various letters which were received and sent by the Bailey in prison.

After several weeks of patient effort the detective discovered that messages were going in roundabout ways to one Col. Edward Shannon Kirconnel, a person living in a little town outside of Vancouver. It was then a slight matter to connect the military man's name with the one adopted by Bailey through similar initials, and Wilber went out to the coast forthwith.

He found Kirconnel hoeing potatoes on a little farm which lay upon the mountainside above the banks of the Fraser river, about 10 miles from Vancouver, and in spite of a full beard on a formerly smooth face, he recognized his man. After they had gone back to Vancouver and the pseudo colonel learned that he could be extradited, a matter on which he had been misinformed when he first arrived in the Canadian town, he told Wilber, he consented to come back to New York without any fuss.

ST. PATRICK

ST. PATRICK is the patron saint of Ireland. Ireland was not the birthplace of St. Patrick, but many countries claim that distinction. He was born about the year 372 and when only 16 years of age, was carried off by pirates, so the story goes, and was sold into slavery in Ireland. There his master employed him as a swineherd on the well-known mountain of Sleamish, in the county of Antrim.

Here he passed seven years and acquired a knowledge of the Irish language and made himself acquainted with the manners, habits and customs of the people. He escaped from captivity finally and was successively ordained deacon, priest and bishop; and then once more, with the authority of Pope Celestine, he returned to Ireland to preach the gospel.

The principal enemies that St. Patrick found to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland were the Druidical priests of the more ancient faith. Their obstinate antagonism was so great, that in spite of his benevolent disposition it is said that he visited all kinds of punishment upon them.

A popular legend relates that the saint and his followers found themselves, one cold morning, on a mountain, without a fire to cook their breakfast, or warm their frozen limbs. Unheeding their complaints, he desired them to collect a pile of ice and snow balls; which having been done, he breathed upon it, and it instantaneously became a pleasant fire—a fire that long after served to point a poet's conceit in these lines:

"St. Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together;
Then gentle breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had been so kind,
As to have left the gift behind
To such a forlorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free;
I'd be content—content with part.
I'd only seek to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart, of Polly Roe."

The greatest miracle credited to St. Patrick was that of driving the venomous reptiles out of Ireland and rendering the Irish soil, forever after, so obnoxious to the serpent race, that they instantaneously die on touching it.

The shamrock is closely associated with St. Patrick, and is generally exhibited by the Irish race today as an emblem of the popular Saint. It is said that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, he used this plant, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol or illustration of the great mystery.

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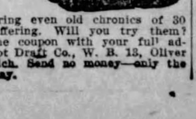

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New York Times.

DR. FREDERIC S. LEE, professor of physiology at Columbia University, is not a Christian Scientist nor a disciple of Worcester. On the contrary, he has for several years, at least, been experimenting with the tissues of the body, observing under the microscope the material changes they undergo in sickness and in health. Yet, in an article appearing in The Popular Science Monthly for February, Dr. Lee has this to say of the nervous system:

It is not the frail, delicate thing, easily put out of gear, that we at times believe it to be. It is capable of enormous demands on its powers and of enormous resistance. It is the last system to succumb in many diseases and in such a dire condition as starvation. It would seem to be only highly adavantageous to the organism that its nervous system should be able to resist the oncoming of fatigue, with all the direful consequences that might follow its advent.

Experiments in the laboratory show that nerves are highly resistant, if not actually impervious to the processes of fatigue. The poisonous substances of fatigue, chiefly carbon dioxide, lactic acid and butylic acid, act only on the muscles and secretory glands. In the first stages of their formation, moreover, these substances are not poisons, but stimulants of the physical organism, the producers of the phenomena of "second wind" the second stage of working power, once achieved, is the more efficient stage, and accounts for the marked superiority of achievements by some men over others. On this point Dr. Lee says:

The more one studies physiology the more one appreciates the fact that protoplasm possesses an enormous power of work, and that the human body is endowed with marvelous capacity. Whether we shall get our second wind, or, having gotten it, whether we shall utilize to the full our powers of work, is matter of our own will. I believe that few of us live up to our opportunities for accomplishing things.

Whence, then, comes the cry that this is a neurasthenic age? Dr. Lee, the physiologist, agrees with Professor William James, the psychologist, that it must come from the type of individual who habitually "energizes below his maximum, and behaves below his optimum." It springs from "the habit of inferiority to our full self." Truly, these are inspiriting words.

Cost of Living in Saxony.

Consular and Trade Reports.

During the past few years local prices generally have gradually risen, including house rents, transportation and luxuries. Although the consumption of meat is decidedly less because of higher prices, that of beer, has materially decreased, due primarily to successful educative propaganda among people all over this country. Market quotations in Plauen for leading food products at wholesale in American cents per one-half kilo (1.1023 pounds) are as follows:

Fresh meats, beef, 13 to 19; veal, 20 to 22; pork, 22 to 23; mutton, 18; liver sausage, 17 to 26; meat sausage, 17 to 25; lard, 21 to 22; smoked meats, ham, 36 to 45; bacon, 22 to 24; salami sausage, 26 to 36; potatoes

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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Any girl with pretty dimples knows when to smile.

The mosquito lays forty eggs a day, it is said. But it never cackles.

An upholstered pen wouldn't seem much too good for the $11 hog.

The meat boycott has been declared off. Prices may now come down.

Missouri mules are quoted at $350 each. Dynamite is much cheaper.

Mr. Roosevelt continues to attract more attention than Halley's comet.

Congress has at last remembered the Maine, notwithstanding it cost $500,000 to do it.

It won't be long until some race horse is traveling under the name of Bwana Tumbo.

Slowly but surely the name of William Jennings Bryan is disappearing from the newspapers.

"Great Ceasar wore no pants," says a southern paper. And never knew the luxury of a hip pocket.

Mr. Roosevelt says he is homesick. So long as the bull elephants were charging he didn't notice it.

Japan has a scheme to preserve peace on the Pacific. And Uncle Sam is expected to lift the shell.

Women must tell their ages to the census enumerator. What a lot of secrets he will have to keep.

Dr. Hillis declares the world is growing better. Pessimists will look upon the doctor as a lost man.

"I will not resign under fire,' is many a man's excuse for holding on to an office he doesn't want to give up.

A New York man declares his wife is crazy, and the wife insists that she is a genius. What's the difference?

One professor says "you could put Halley's comet in a quart measure." But you would have to catch it first.

Mr. Roosevelt's most strenuous days have arrived. He cannot dodge behind a tree to avoid the charging people.

Marriage is a problem to some people. Others live to celebrate their sixtieth anniversary of wedded happiness.

"There are no bad boys," says one generous man. Maybe not, but the neighbors' boys are never as good as ours.

A California man has two extra ribs. He would have made a great Adam, but he might have become a bigamist.

Halley's comet may now be seen through a good telescope. Persons with only their two naked eyes will have to wait.

Mr. Roosevelt "was clad in pajamas and red shirt and was barefoot." He must not have looked much like an ex-President.

The doctor who says love is a disease might go farther and tell a curious world if it is possible to have it more than once.

A Virginia negro was so scared his hair has straightened out. And yet the chances are he isn't very proud of the new possession.

After looking at a picture of Dr. Mary Walker in male attire we still cling to the old idea that clothes do not make the man.

A boy who started out 45 years ago to milk, got back the other day. The cows, however, were not kept lowing at the gate all that time.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says woman has just as good judgment as man. Does anybody want to argue the case with Mrs. Catt?

Mr. Roosevelt says he came within an ace of congratulating Dr. Cook. That was one of the narrowest escapes he had while in Africa.

Walker Weston walked 72 miles on the seventy-second anniversary of his birth—a mile for every year. Not many men of 40 years could do that.

Oklahoma fat women are rolling over and over on the floor to reduce their flesh. The thin ones are eating fudge to make them plump. Nobody is ever satisfied.

Professor Percival Lowell describes the comet's tail as "the airiest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught." Now who's afraid of the comet's tail?

"It's a pity nature didn't let the scientists make man," says the Washington Post. With no two scientists able to agree, a nice mess they would have made of it.

The Duchess de Talleyrand, formerly Anna Gould, is forced to pay her former husband's parents $5,600 a year. Anna seems to have made the mistake of marrying the whole family.

A Cleveland police judge says woman has no right to hurl bootjacks and hot bricks at her husband merely because he refuses to shovel snow. It would seem more appropriate to hit him with the snow shovel.

THE FACTION CANNON MADE.

It was Joseph Cannon who gave the first inspiration to insurgency. It was Cannon who has made it more than the dream of one man, who has caused it to grow and develop strength and ambition and the bravery to stake all upon a single cause.

The career of the insurgents goes back to the hour when a new member revealed to one of the committees that the railroads had been for years taking advantage of an outworn government practice to their great profit. The committee received the news coldly. It did not want to listen. It would not take any action, make any recommendation, reveal to the house the conditions as they were. The new meber, still believing that the duty of a congressman was to do the best he could for his country, sought to address the house upon the subject of the cheatings. Cannon would not recognize him upon the floor. He would not let him make a speech touching upon the disclosures he had to make. Furthermore, he would not permit of a change to be made in the apropriation to be voted which would save to the government that which was going to the railroads wrongfully. Happily, it lay within the authority of Theodore Roosevelt to issue an order which did away with the abuse.

The new member was convinced that no reform could be brought about until the autocratic powers of the speaker were shorn away. Alone, he began his fight upon the rules. Even the Democrats were not with him. Around the new member there gradually drifted others who were willing to suffer humiliation, the rebuff of their bills, the denial of the right to address the house, appointments to insignificant committees and the threats of political destruction. How far that movement has gone was revealed last week.

Had Joseph Cannon been honestly mindful of the rights of the people, had he not tried to crush and hamper men as rightfully entitled to a voice in legislation as himself, the insurgent had never been known. If the Republican party suffers defeat in the majority of the congressional elections this fall the responsibility lies with Cannon.

NO POLITICS FROM ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt's ideas of the fitness of things haven't been warped in the course of his year in the jungle. He may wear red shirts, go barefoot and let his whiskers grow, but he retains enough knowledge of the conventionalities not to be inveigled into talking politics.

Many things political have happened since Roosevelt sailed for Uganda. The tariff bill has got in the fell work of blockading careers and promoting misunderstandings and wild talk, which has been the way of every tariff bill since the Civil war. The shadow of the Ballinger controversy is cast over all Washington. Aldrich and Cannon promote their intrigues with greater activity and give the impression one moment of being in full power and the next of being down and out. The house insurgency has grown, the party organizations in at least two states are struggling in the quicksands, and serious international differences have brought their measure of confusion across the sky-line.

Does Roosevelt know the intricacies of all this play of circumstance and chapter of accident? No intimate correspondent could have kept him in touch. He has had other things to think of, more pleasant, more congenial to a temperament which loves the great world of outdoors. To talk of politics would be to tread among uncertainties. It would tend to involve him in annoyances that would take all the life out of his welcome home. Mr. Roosevelt has decided very wisely. Better to be reminiscent of the days when a fresh suit of pajamas constituted the morning's dressing and postpone the thought of frock coats and high hats.

THE SCANDAL IN FRANCE.

One of the important considerations that persuaded France to divorce herself from the church was the large amount of property she expected to get by way of alimony—the alimony to be fixed by herself. This was estimated to be worth $200,000,000, enough to excite the cupidity of any cabinet extremely hard put to balance receipts and expenditures.

The books were gone over the other day. It was found that the church property seized or realized upon does not have a value of more than $20,000,000, and this is subject to charges of something more than $13,000,000. The country is in a fearful uproar. The nation is convinced it has been looted by the agent in charge of the liquidation. He is accused of having purloined $2,000,000 for himself and to have allowed his confederates to take far more. A secret cypher of this agent is said to contain the names of those who shared in the loot. New irregularities turn up every day. The scandal, it is rumored, will reach to higher levels than did the Panama outrage. No man in official position, from president to bureau chief, knows at what hour one of the enterprising journals of the French capital will flood the streets with extra editions charging him openly with complicity in the crimes.

Speculate upon the present meditations of the churchman whose purse was confiscated, whose home was pillaged and place of worship closed. Will they not contain the French proverb equivalent to the English one referring to quarrels among thieves?

A LESSON FROM ENGLAND.

An American manipulator of grain and cotton markets has been hooted and hissed in an English exchange. If he had not shown good judgment in leaping for a cab-door he might have been booted also. The American was sorely aggrieved.

The Englishman, as his being is constituted, is the best sportsman in the world—when he wins. Having lost by opposing instead of following this touring manipulator, the Englishman's temper is of the other kind. He cannot be philosophical in defeat as he is magnanimous in victory.

Still these reflections are only mentioned in passing. The disagreeable reception tendered our countryman abroad suggests altogether another train of thought. The incident was disastrous to the peace of mind of the tourist. He will never forgive the English and will probably never venture into the United Kingdom again.

Now it happens that the peace of mind is the most fixed possession of our wild financiers, beef barons and speculators in the necessities of life. They know that if they make money hundreds and thousands will lift hats to them. If they are "successful," neighborhoods will boast of them as residents, sightseers will go miles to gaze in admiration upon their hotels called country-places, charitable organizations, universities and churches will strive to gain their names to subscription lists. So they go on looting the public, shearing the lambs and skimming the markets. They are held up to scorn by some, but held up as commendable examples by more.

Why would not a little hissing and hooting be of value in the present straits of the people of America? Why would not a significant showing of blunt-toed boots work to the advantage of public policy? If there were less peace of mind in the haunts of speculation there would be considerable less speculation and fewer haunts.

HAWLEY SOARING.

The railroad industry has the trick of bringing out strong personalities and breeding men of great force among their fellows. With the death of Harriman, James J. Hill stood alone upon the higher summits of powerful individualities. It looks now as if he were shortly to be distanced by another builder and operator. The man is Edwin Hawley.

Through a contract just completed Hawley has arranged connections between all the roads under his control and in which he is interested. The Hocking Valley forms the junction between the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, which in turn connects with the Chicago & Alton, the Iowa Central and smaller lines in the northwest. It would now be possible for Hawley to go by rail from Norfolk to Galveston over lines of which he has full or partial charge. When the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railroad is completed, a similar journey can be made from the Chesapeake bay to the Gulf of California.

The Harriman roads, it is predicted, cannot be held together under trusteeships of a voting group. It requires the unity and stimulation that one relentless ambition can give it. In the disintegration predicted, how much will Hawley get?

MAKING MEN LOP-SIDED.

Sir Frederick Treves, among the most notable of English surgeons, declares that modern scientific and engineering discovery is playing the mischief with handicraft, once so greatly admired and so patiently trained for.

At the present time not a year passes that does not add some wonder to the list of things manufactured. It must not be inferred from this that man as a master of handicraft is becoming every year more adept. Handicraftsmanship has a limit just as there is a limit to the power of vision and of hearing Has that limit even now been reached, or is it by any possibility declining? In response to the question: "Are we losing the use of our hands?" I would venture an answer in the affirmative and say that we are.

A machine shop of big equipment strikes the layman with awe. He marvels at the skill which has built the mechanisms. Yet there are men working in many of these larger plants who are utterly lacking in handicraft. Some can run a drill press day after day and month after month and never be able to sharpen the tools they use. They get them sharpened from a storekeeper and turn in the dull ones. Men work at lathes who wouldn't know how to go about it to make a cold chisel. Some labor at intricate machines at astonishing speed and with seemingly finely trained eyes, but shifted from that particular work they are lost and bewildered.

Industrialism is to be blamed for more than the ruin of handicraft. It has twisted good men awry and made broad-minded men mentally narrow and lop-sided.

THE LOADSTONE.

The strategic position of the farmer is very attractive just now. He belongs to the one class which has no complaint at all to make of the high cost of living. He reaped big crops last year and obtained high prices for them. He is going to have a bigger acreage this season and there is no sign that prices will come down far enough to keep him from taking more than a comfortable income out of the ground.

Thousands of city folks are going to the country. They will expect far more than the most of them will ever gain. They will know discouragement and many of them failure. Yet if only a small percentage of those who will have made the venture stick out the travail and despair they will have done much for their country. They will have been the pioneers for "back to the soil." Human nature is optimistic. If a few do well those who do poorly will be ignored. The few will be the loadstone to draw the many.

COMMERCIAL WAR CLOUDS.

A tariff war with Canada would be the more unfortunate because it must be started with no prospects of peace in sight. Once begun it could be prolonged for years. Few points would be gained by either side and many would be lost by both.

The American commissioners, in presenting their statements at Ottawa, showed that the average ad valorem rate on dutiable and free imports from Canada amounted to only 11.2 per cent in 1909 and on dutiable imports 19.4, while the Canadian average ad valorem rate on free ad dutiable goods from the United States was 12.5 per cent and on dutiable imports 24.9 per cent. The constitution of the United States forbids the exaction of export taxes. Canada, in collecting such a duty on wood pulp, takes an advantage which can only be countered by application of the maximum rates of the Payne law.

Yet it is to be hoped that the maximum charges will not be placed upon Canadian goods, even if the provocation be extreme. The neighborliness of the countries should count above the commercial considerations now in conflict. The bon hommie of the citizens of the two nations has a value that no differences as to trade relations should be permitted to destroy.

NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

Blade readers who have been fascinated with the story of "Tavernay" have another treat coming to them. Next week "At Odds with the Regent" will make its first appearance in The Blade's columns. This is another of Burton E. Stevenson's novels, which equals, if it does not surpass, "Tavernay" in dramatic interest. It is full of action from beginning to end. There are no dull chapters in it.

INDEPENDENCE.

George Westinghouse makes one think of that older type of industrialist. In sending ships to sea he would first provide for an armament.

The General Electric company has been looking forward for years to controlling the Westinghouse plants. When Westinghouse got out from under the shadow of receivership he had to deal with financiers who have been among the loudest preachers of the doctrine of combination. These financiers packed the board of directors with their own kind of people. A merger seemed foregone. It was only a matter of a few months before it would be carried through. This was the view among capitalists. But Westinghouse resumed his fighting clothes. The chairman of the board of directors gave him six months vacation in Europe. Westinghouse has improved it by forming a new battle line and incidentally striving to regain control of European companies lost in the panic of 1907. He wanted more power, not for the aggrandizement of an immense electric trust, but to help him pick the locks of his financial captivity.

A man might have a house as big as a railroad station, but might still prefer not to turn it into a hotel.

A PLEA FOR EXPEDIENCY.

The Standard Oil company's most eloquent lawyer made the plea against the motion of the government to dissolve the trust. It was noticeable that he dwelled longer upon the "good works" of the company than he did in denying that laws had been violated and wrongs had been committed. The defence, in short, consisted of a justification of expediency.

The tenet that the end justifies the means has been at the bottom of the orgy of trust building and high financing. The agent of the merger declares that an industry has been demoralized by throat-cutting competition and excessive wastes. Therefore, to overcome these evils—it is right in his mind to found an extortionate monopoly. A gas or oil company, a railroad or street railway concern, needs a franchise in order to expand business, open new territory, develop resources or save capital from dangerous rivalry. Therefore, the argument of expediency says bribery is inexcusable. Two sets of financiers have been struggling to tap a rich district in Alaska. Each has hired gangs of desperate, straight-shooting men to guard the rail-layers and to prevent the rival workers from laying rails. Conscience is salved with the thought that one party to the struggle is no more vicious than the other and the point to be gained is sufficient vindication for the expedients employed.

The quarrel of the common people with the Standard Oil Co. is not with the fact that it has garnered great riches, but with the despicable and cold-blooded methods it has used in doing so.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

A young man of wealth married a chorus girl in New York a few years ago. Shortly afterward he enlisted in the navy. From a callow youth with little common sense and less knowledge of the hard facts of life he has returned home, strongly muscled, manly, cheerful and in perfect control of himself and the spirit of temptation. He has ceased, however, to be fond of his wife. She is now engaged in suing his parents for a half million dollars, charging them with weaning away her husband's affections.

Were the lady in the case demanding damages for the loss of the creature she knew as husband the suit were ridiculous. He may have been worth many times a half million dollars in property, but worth not five cents in person. The man is a different fellow altogether now, in the state of his heart as well as his mind. In sheer point of possibilities of value to himself and to the world he is not to be weighed against sordid gold. Unhappily, however, the courts have no other standard by which to measure the price of affections and the object of affection except money. The chorus girl wife must seek such balm as is available. If it is true that the young man is all they say he is, radiant of health, sober, proud of his service and eager to assume a permanent place as a worker, who can blame the wife for lamenting her loss? If the courts can't do more, they might give the plaintiff sole possession to the memory of the youth to whom she was married. The parents would surrender that with enthusiasm.

THE FUN IN BEING BLIND.

Britain looks across the North Sea with rising uneasiness over the enlarging navy of Germany.

Germany snuggles closer to Austria-Hungary and dreams of a German empire to the Adriatic.

Austria-Hungary has seized two provinces of Turkey and may take more, together with a Balkan principality or two.

Turkey, poor thing, can not draw plans of empire, but must busy herself with efforts to prevent England seizing a strip of Arabia along the Red Sea in the name of the Khedive of Egypt.

Russia, to the north, by force of diplomacy, may have the restrictions against naval movements through the Dardanelles removed. She hopes to regain the lost influence in Manchuria and, at the same time, obtain revenge upon Japan.

Japan has virtually taken possession of Korea, is getting ready to do as much for Manchuria, entertains visions of domination over the Pacific, of an iron hand over the affairs of China and actual occupation of Hawaii, the Philippines, Java, Siam and, perhaps, the treasure house of India.

The peace societies meet and pass resolutions condemning the military establishments and suggest throwing the navies on the junk heap and turning the soldiers into policemen. To be blind appears an immeasurable source of self-satisfaction and calm indifference to the facts as they happen to be.

PLAYING AGAINST THE INEVITABLE.

Peace is the weather forecast in Philadelphia now. The traction company and the mortormen and conductors are to come to an agreement early it is hoped. Union labor which has quit work in sympathy is to resume the daily routine. The violence and vast inconveniences suffered by the public are to become matters of local history to be quoted hotly at the next municipal election.

The pity of the whole business is that neither company nor men would think of the inevitable when they began the struggle. The company was bound to lose immense sums in injured equipment, in loss of patronage, in stability of securities and in standing with the public. The workmen were to lose their wages, their savings; their organization was to be crippled financially and, it may be, ruined utterly. Yet the company, which knew that the money lost by one day of strike would have covered a month of the increases demanded, let the strike come and, indeed, is said to have compelled it. The men who knew their livelihood was wholly menaced assumed the weapons of battle after a discussion all too short.

Will it ever be that labor and capital will deal with each other while the inevitable end is represented at the council?

NO BACKING FOR KNOX.

After Secretary Knox's suggestion that the five great powers should join with the United States in assuring the neutralization of Manchuria was rebuffed the secretary offered a new plan —that a railroad be built across Manchuria with British and American capital. Russia and Japan objected to the grant of any concession by China and Great Britain has taken the tip of its ally in the Far East and will have naught to do with the scheme, Knox is said to be eager to insist upon the plan, but desires first to learn if public opinion in America is willing to support him.

Commercial considerations have come to be the greater influences of the state department. Diplomacy is not content with maintaining amiable relations between the nations, but must busy itself with promoting the prosperity and trade of the countries represented. Yet, it is going far to use the state department as a marketer for specific investment. There are rich "pickings" in Asia, but two other nations are on the ground and not in the temper to divide. To force the concession means a quarrel with these nations. Where it might end no one could now predict.

The question of the extension of our world trade interests the American people little. They have been apathetic in the sight of a decaying merchant marine and have given little applause to the instances of "American invasion" which come as spasmodic outbreaks. They would be entirely unfriendly to a new invasion which might turn the Pacific into one vast sea of troubles.

A Boston man figures the value of the 1910 baby crop at $4,887,000,000. However, it seems a little too early in the year to make an estimate approaching accuracy.

"SOCKLESS JERRY"

Topeka Man's Odd Method of Securing Election.

Kansas City Star.

It is generally believed that Jerry Simpson, once known over the United States as "Sockless Jerry," was the first Kansas politician to attract attention by his unique political methods. But substantially this is not true, for there is a Topeka man who was elected on a Shawness county ticket by identically the same methods 25 years before Jerry Jerry Simpson ever was heard of outside his local neighborhood. That man is P. I. Bonebrake, widely known in the state as the organizer of the Central National Bank of Topeka, for 25 years president of that institution, and with a previous political career full of years and honor.

The late Congressman Simpson's political enemies dubbed him "Sockless Jerry" in his initial political campaign, and the derisive term was adopted and used effectively by the man whom it was intended to harm. So in the case of Mr. Bonebrake. The committee which called upon him at his farm on the occasion which marked his introduction to Kansas politics reported him to be a "peculiar old fogy who didn't wear socks." In spite of the unfavorable report of the committee Mr. Bonebrake was placed on the county ticket and won.

It was in the year 1866, when the slate of the county ticket for the term of 1867 and 1868 was being drawn up, that the incident occurred which marks the first introduction of the "sockless" political methods in Kansas. The complete slate for the campaign had been drawn up, when it was discovered that the slate was too much a Topeka "crowd."

It was decided that men outside the city ought to be included and one member of the county committee suggested that he knew a "Christian gentleman living on a farm near Auburn who for his honesty and integrity would make a valuable candidate for the party." He named P. I. Bonebrake, who had been in Shawnee county about seven years and was tilling a farm near Auburn, a city at that time of equal size and importance with Topeka. A committee of two was delegated to call upon the proposed candidate at his home.

The committee arrived at the Bonebrake farm in the morning on the day of the visit. Mr. Bonebrake was found at work in his fields riding a mowing machine. He was wearing a picturesque attire even for those pioneer days, it seems, for the committee was not favorably impressed with his appearance than anything he said. Upon the return of the two men to Topeka and in their report to the county committee they said they had met a "peculiar old fogy, who wore a brimless hat and went without socks."

It is said that the two men also recommended that he be left off the ticket, but the committee decided that he was the man they needed on the slate. Consequently Bonebrake's name went on the county ticket that year as county clerk and he was elected. That was the beginning of his political career. He was subsequently re-elected to that office four times, and he left it to go to the state legislature. For the latter office he received every vote cast in his district, an honor of which few candidates for political offices are able to boast. Mr. Bonebrake is now the only officer on that pioneer county ticket living.

Sees Harm in $300,000,000 Fund

Springfield Republican.

THE MOTIVES of Mr. Rockefeller, like those of Mr. Carnegie, are doubtless of the best. They are overwhelmed with the burden of the problem of the wise distribution of their enormous wealth, and realizing their personal incapacity to distribute such fortunes to the best advantage within the period of their own lives, they naturally resort to the creation of corporations which shall be perpetual fountains of beneficence in the land. In the Dark Ages the church would have been made the recipient of their riches, since it was the one great eleemosynary agency of Christendom. The vast estates of the mediaeval monasteries and the princes of the church were accumulated in no small degree from the bequests of men and women who saw in the ecclesiastical power of those times the sole promise of an advancing civilization. How it came about ultimately that the religious orders of the Middle Ages owned almost half the soil of England, and even more than half the soil of other European countries, and how these conditions led to economic and social revolution often accompanied by confiscation and violence in the later centuries, is familiar to the most casual readers of history. And these modern foundations, similar in original motive and spirit, however variant in form, it is no exaggeration to say may easily become as obnoxious to posterity as the monastic system of the Middle Ages became to the new civilization whose advent was signalized by the reformation and the renaissance.

Let us be specific in our criticism of these colossal foundations of today, which seek no blessing from the holy church and are content with the sanction of an act of congress. As mere philanthropic enterprises, they tend to monopolize charity by centralizing it in corporate, self-perpetuating, bloodless concerns, managed with the financial skill, but also with the aggressiveness of a "philanthropic" insurance company. The immediate effect of the establishment of these immense agencies of professional giving to "worthy causes" is to dry up the smaller sources of individual benevolence, and transform society into an organization of suppliants, while a general mendicancy at the doors of the great "funds" is lavishly promoted. Who gives libraries since Mr. Carnegie made his record as the world's champion library builder? The moral and social effect of such conditions must be evil in the extreme, if the benevolence of the future is to be still more monopolized by foundations based on the bedrock of hundreds of millions of dollars.

But not only must one note the monopolizing tendency. There is also discernible a natural tendency of the managers of the private foundation for "the advancement of mankind" to attempt the control of the causes and the institutions which they aid. Those who have studied the work of the southern education board and the Carnegie foundation for the pensioning of college teachers may appreciate the truth of this assertion. It is almost startling to observe the progress already made by the Carnegie foundation, which is nothing but a private pension agency, in dictating educational policy to the colleges and universities of this country. The coercive power lurking in the simple menace of being dropped from the Carnegie list of "accepted" institutions is seen to be tremendous in its posibilities. The groveling spectacle of our American state universities rushing to share the income of the steel bonds, which Mr. Carnegie graciously diverted to the support of superannuated professors, emphasizes the moral of the situation. Thus state institutions, supported by state taxes, are coming to listen meekly while Dr. Pritchett suggests this that and the other modifications in their educational policy.

Imagine the proposed Rockefeller foundation, solidly buttressed by $300,000,000, only the income of which could be used, dominating in this style the numerous beneficiaries of its benevolence during the next 500 years! Can we doubt that such a domination would be exercised? If we do, then we are childlike indeed. The power of the purse—let us not underestimate it. Just as the enormous influence of the monasteries in the Middle Ages was based largely upon inalienable property and its usufruct, so these private incorporated foundations, living forever, would attain an influence antisocial and anti-democratic to an extraordinary degree. With financial power would go the determination to shape and direct, and thus the benevolence and the charity of a society whose future needs and aspirations we cannot forecast would be controlled by the sinister influence of the dead hand.

The proposed perpetuation of a vast fortune like Mr. Rockefeller's being undesirable and unwise, what should be done? Possible legal complications aside, the answer is simple. If the proposed foundation is to be incorporated, it should be made an inviolable condition that the entire principle of the trust fund should be distributed at the end of a certain fixed term of years. What is pre-eminently desirable is the ultimate distribution of this fortune, not its perpetual maintenance by act of congress. Give the incorporators 50 years in which to distribute the whole sum along the philanthropic lines they prefer to follow, the trust to be then dissolved. It is to be hoped that congress will not be blind to these considerations. Nor can one see why Mr. Rockefeller should object to a limitation upon the duration of the life of the fund which he proposes to establish for the benefit of mankind.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

IS JESUS A "MYTH?"

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 27 Is "An Easter Lesson and Quarterly Review." Matt. 4:23.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A lad of nine, who is not aware of the latest developments of German thought, and so did not know that one of these "scholars" has lately pronounced Jesus a "myth," asked his father at the breakfast table, a few days ago: "Father, how do we know that there was such a person as Jesus? It is such a long time ago, 2,000 years, that maybe people have just made up the story. How can we be sure that it is true?"

The father wanted to congratulate his son on having so early attained the level of this latest of the German critics, but that would have confused and diverted the lad, so he answered seriously, after this fashion: "Son, that is one of the most important questions in the world. Everybody ought to ask it. For if there really never was such a person as Jesus, then everybody who is honest should give up Christianity. Two thousand years is a long, long time, isn't it? But a hundred years is not long, is it? We know all about the visit of George Washington to the old house down the road, don't we? There are old persons alive now whose fathers and mothers saw Washington. If there had never been such a person as George Washington we would not believe in him so soon after he was supposed to live, would we, though persons a thousand years hence might?

The Small Boy's Lesson.

"Well, that is the way it is with Jesus. You remember what father has told you about his visit to the catacombs in Rome, don't you? They were dug within about a hundred years of the death of Jesus. If Jesus had not lived, there would not have been, inside of a hundred years, a great many persons who believed in Him so much that they suffered persecution for Him, and dug out these wonderful catacombs as places to hold church and to bury their fellow Christians. Father saw himself the pictures of Jesus as a good shepherd which those early Christians carved on the walls, nearly 2,000 years ago. They were fond also of carving the first two Greek letters of the word 'Christ,' and the fish, the Greek name of which made an acrostic for 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour of Men.'

"One of those Catacomb Christians was named Polycarp. He was a disciple of the Apostle John, and he became a martyr about the year 155. He left writings about Jesus, which he learned from John, who learned them from Jesus himself. There are many other reasons which we call historical, for believing in Jesus, but you, don't you, that we have as much reason to be sure that he was a real person as people a thousand years hence will have to believe that there was a real George Washington? Some day we may go to the Catacombs together, and we shall then talk it over again."

First Facts, Then Think.

Considering this quarterly review it is well to bear in mind that the facts about Christ should precede the truth of Christ. Some persons are so given to drawing "lessons" from the Scriptures, that they neglect to lay solid foundations of fact for these truths. This present week is, opportunely, both an Easter lesson and a review of the past three months of study in the life of Jesus. So it is an occasion for exalting the fact of Christ. Many children, and older persons as well, have doubts about the historical accuracy of the New Testament; and are unable to meet the questionings and criticisms of the most ignorant skeptic. Before we proceed to the great resurrection teaching, let us first be assured that there was such a person as Jesus, who lived and taught and died and rose again.

There are some matters that are outside the realm of private opinion; they belong within the domain of evidence. A person must believe them whether he wants to do so or not. The historical reality of Jesus is one of these. Younger children should be given some such simple line of arguments as this present article; for older classes there are more elaborate proofs.

Why the Conqueror Came.

The climax of the present lesson, as, indeed, of all Christian teaching, is the victory of Christ over death. That was his final victory. But his whole life may be studied as a series of conquests. He has often been compared with the other great conquerors of history: Pharaoh, Xerxes, Alexander, Caeser, Charlemagne, Taamerlane, Napoleon.

But what a difference! Mr. John Wanamaker owns a painting of gigantic size, called, "The Conquerors." It is of compelling interest, and one returns to it again and again. There rides the bannered host of strong-faced men, who have dreamed the dream of world dominion. All the men i have indicated, and others, are in that company. But they ride through a lane of dead. Stark and stiff, two lines or corpses stretch on both sides of them. It was by pain, loss, sorrow and death that they came to their power.

But imagine the Christ-Conqueror's triumphal march. Little children throng his feet. He rides, meek and lowly, upon the humblest of animals. The garments of the glad and the grateful strew his way. The hosannas of the healed and the happy rend the air. The lame leap, the blind see; the lepers are cleansed; the dead are back from the tomb. The line is longer than mind can compass, for there now follow in His train a countless multitude of those whom he has redeemed and made to rejoice. And chained to his conquering chariot, a craven captive, is the race's old master, death.

The Perennial Springtime.

That is the great deliverance which makes Easter. Christ has conquered death, and the fear of death, for all his friends. The old terror of the grave has gone for all those who have entered into the secret of the friendship of Jesus. That is why the world is full of lilies and palms and flowers and song this great Easter "Christ is risen!" In rising, he has brought peace. How the resurrection teaching is drying tears today; and filled them with hope.

The daybreak of Easter is shooting its gleams over the whole world's horizon. There never was such an Easter, since the first Resurrection morn, as this one. There are more disciples of Jesus intoning or chanting the good news of the risen Saviour with all the race than ever before followed his banner. Easter is the missionary day; and this is preeminently the missionary era. The supreme importance of the Resurrection message has taken hold of the whole Church, in behalf of the whole world.

The Easter miracle is being repeated in our own time. There is in Philadelphia a man who spent 26 years of his life in jail. Then he strayed into a rescue mission. There was another supernatural resurrection. For 19 years since he has been giving his powers chiefly to sharing the Easter message with those who need it most. A business man by day, he is, day and night, a representative of the Resurrection. Thus Jesus continues to do what he began to do among men two thousand years ago.

GROVER'S MODEST AMBITION

Cleveland Wanted to Be Supreme Court Judge.

Utica Observer.

Recently the Observer related for the first time within our knowledge an incident of the political campaign of 1882, when Grover Cleveland was elected governor of New York, and this we did for a specific object. It was to show that the man chosen by the greatest majority ever given a candidate for governor, and only two years later elevated to the presidency of the United States, had in September of 1882 only the modest expectation of becoming a supreme court judge!

This he confided to William E. Hudson of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, who enjoyed Mr. Cleveland's confidence at first sight. Subsequently Mr. Hudson served under the governor at Albany in a confidential relation.

Mr. Hudson is good enough to promptly volunteer at this time an assurance that the story as told in the Observer "is essentially an exact statement of an incident which is historically important as showing that Grover Cleveland at the time of his nomination had no ambition for the path which he pursued to such distinction and glory."

And he adds a fact quite as important, to which we may call attention. Mr. Cleveland was elected to the presidency eight years after another great New York Democrat, Samuel J. Tilden, was chosen by the country. But that election was disputed and Mr. Tilden and his party were, by the device of the electoral commission, denied the fruits of his election. In 1884, succeeding the casting of the votes, the New York Tribune and some other journals thought the same wrong could be repeated by their party, with Mr. Cleveland as their victim. To this purpose they held for a space, daily insisting that Mr. Blaine was chosen. Finally the Tribune gave up. Mr. Cleveland, who had been silent under the imposture, then and only then opened his lips to say:

"I am glad of it. I am glad they have yielded peaceably, for I should have felt it my duty to have taken the office in any event!"

This he said with the same force and solemnity with which he took the oath of office at Washington on the succeeding fourth of March. The great man of modest ambition, as we have shown—now the undoubted choice of the country—would have subordinated himself perhaps, but would not have submitted to a second outrage upon a majority of his countrymen!

Fertility From the Air.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The manufacture of air nitrates for use in fertilizing the soil is now conducted in Germany and in Canada at Niagara Falls, as well as in Norway, where it began. The Norwegian works are undergoing enlargement, which will be completed this year, when they will represent investments aggregating $14,600,000. Saltpeter, nitric acid and several other products are made in connection with the manufacture of nitrates. There is something fascinating to the imagination in the power of chemistry to mine for nitrates in the air and use them to restore the fertility of outworn lands.

Varieties

The first record of Halley's comet w... B. C. 240.

A complete set of British birds' eggs ... worth about $1,000.

London has 2,151 miles of streets and ... miles of tramways.

The harpy eagle of Brazil feeds exclusively on monkeys.

Eighty-seven in every hundred Canadian farmers own their own farms.

Abandoned farms in New England are being used for tree cultivation.

The average cost a mile of a trans-Atlantic submarine cable is $1,200.

For every $250,000 spent on engineering it is estimated that a man is killed.

Cooked food is sold from automobiles in the streets of Paris, Berlin and Moscow.

Women need on the average about nine-tenths the nourishment requisite for men.

A 10-story building was built in New York city recently in 47 working days.

The eggs of wild birds are smaller than those of the same species of birds when domesticated.

Only about one out of every thousand married couples lives to celebrate the golden wedding.

The United States army, including the military academy, cost $103,727,000, and the navy, $136,000,000.

No fewer than 60,407 articles found in public carriages were last year taken to Scotland Yard, London.

Six arc lamps installed in a London theatre in 1873 were the first electric lamps used commercially in that city.

The newly organized army of England has in every battalion two, in every cavalry brigade six machine guns.

Nearly two-thirds of the crime in London is perpetrated between 2 p. m. Saturdays and 9 a. m. on Mondays.

The sale of dairy cheese in the New York wholesale market last year amounted to more than $3,000,000.

Of all places of importance Sydney, New South Wales, is farthest from London as the crow flies—10,120 miles.

Volapuk, one of the most pretentious attempts at a universal language, was introduced early in the eighties.

The city of London corporation consists of the lord mayor, 25 other aldermen and 206 councilors.

The third municipal census of Buenos Aires, now being compiled, is expected to give that city a population of at least 1,285,000.

The largest domestic source of the sugar supply is in New York state, in the vicinity of Syracuse. Michigan probably comes next.

The steamboat inspection service of the United States passed on 7,862 vessels, launches and barges during the year ending June 30 last.

Liverpool's chief constable says that owing to the religious feuds the cost of policing that city last year was increased by more than $50,000.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floors of the cars.

The number of accidents in street and steam railroads within the city of New York was 56,481 in 1908, while in 1909 the number was reduced to 52,618.

St. Louis has a concrete building 57 feet high, which is entirely without windows. The illumination is by means of skylights in the roof.

Tea imports in 1909 amounted to $16,... 000, against $11,000,000 in 1899; coffee imports, $86,500,000, against $56,000,000 in 1899; and cocoa imports, $14,000,000, against $6,000,000 in 1899.

Though blessed with the most fertile soil and most favorable climate in the world, the United States produces less wheat an acre planted than England, Germany or Holland.

The supply of machine guns is increasing in all European armies. Everywhere it is conceded that this, the latest arm of the service, will play a decisive part in the battles of the future.

A bit of primeval yew forest about half a mile square is carefully preserved in the Bavarian highlands of Germany, the tree once widely distributed, having become almost extinct in Europe.

Insurance authorities tell us that it requires about 300,000 new houses every year to supply our increase of population and 80,000 more to take the places of those that are destroyed by fire.

A model electric engine, built by Thomas Davenport, a poor blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., and operated on a small circular track in 1834, probably was the first electric railway in the world.

Forming part of the breakfast menu of the members of the Council of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, at Dublin recently, were some eggs brought by Sir Charles Ball from China which were laid 40 years ago.

Mme. de la Roche has won an air pilot's license from the French Aero club by flying four times around the aviation course at Heliopolis, a total distance of 12 miles. She is the first woman to win this distinction.

The United States is first with regard to revenue derived from the telegraph, $29,000,000, while the Russian treasury benefits by $20,000,000, Great Britain drawing $15,800,000, Germany $8,000,000, and France $7,600,000 for the year.

There has been a big increase in the production of salt in the United States in the last 10 years. Close to 25,000,000 barrels were produced in this country last year, which was in excess of any such period previous.

By the close of next year about 2,000,000 acres will have been reclaimed by irrigation in this country at a cost of $70,000,000. When the system is completed about 30,000,000 acres will have been recovered and opened for settlement.

The amount of fertilizing matter brought down by the river Nile from its source every year is estimated at 100,

If You Have CATARRH You Are in Danger of CONSUMPTION DEAFNESS

READ the Story Told in These Pictures. A Story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK Area Shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE Shows the Area Reached by Different Remedies.

Fig. 1.—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the spheno'dal sinus (D), etc.
TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2.—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3.—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES and all WASHES AND LIQUIDS.
By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.
WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY (See Fig. 4).

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a profuse discharge through the nostrils or into the throat.

It usually begins with a cold in the head.

Beginning in the nostrils it soon spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs.

The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

STOP IT NOW! AFTER AWHILE MAY BE TOO LATE!

There are many so-called "Catarrh Cures." Most of them fail for three reasons:

First—They are not composed of ingredients that possess the necessary healing properties. It seems that the medical fraternity at large has not yet learned this secret. There is one really satisfactory treatment. That will be explained further along.

Second—Many of the remedies, such as they are, cannot be applied so as to reach one-half or even one-fourth of all parts that are affected. How much good can a remedy do when the disease is far back in the head and the medicine only reaches the nose? Even if the application should do good so far as it reaches, what good can it do to the part it does not reach? This is the trouble with the treatment of catarrh in most cases. The remedies, poor as they are, can only be applied in the nose, while nearly always the disease is not alone in the nose, but often reaches far back into the head, and even down into the bronchial tubes.

Third—Many doctors do not seem to know any better than to dose the stomach in their vain attempt to reach catarrh. Their remedies will often ruin the stomach, but never reach the disease in the head.

With the above facts before us, need we wonder that the treatment of catarrh has generally before been a failure?

LOOK AT THE PICTURES!

To make all of this clearer and more forcible we give herewith the series of pictures.

No. 1—Shows where the disease is located. It is liable to extend to all parts shown by the solid black.

No. 2—Shows how little of the disease is reached by snuffs, balms, etc. Notice how small a patch of the BLACK has been displaced with the WHITE.

No. 3—Shows how small a portion is reached with a spray from an atomizer or by a douche. Notice how little of the BLACK has been displaced by the WHITE, and yet that is the best that the spray treatment can do.

No. 4—Shows where the medicine goes when Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is applied. In the picture the WHITE has entirely displaced the BLACK, because the remedy goes into every part of the head, throat, ears, and bronchial tubes. It is applied warm; it is very penetrating and healing. While it is not strong enough to do any harm it is sufficiently powerful to wipe out the disease. It sets into operation a healing process that will in due time make the diseased parts sound and healthy.

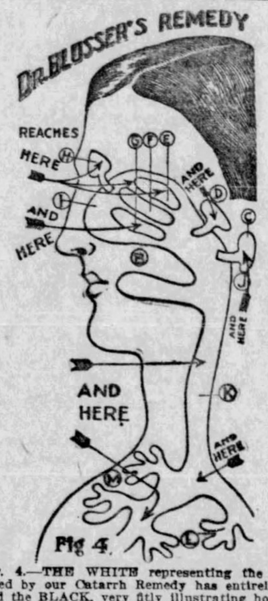

Fig. 4.—THE WHITE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D & H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F & G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

FREE BY MAIL

If you want to have a demonstration of what my remedy will do without cost, fill out accompanying coupon or write me, and I will send you absolutely free, enough of the medicine to prove to you that the treatment goes directly to every diseased spot with its healing power. When you try this free treatment I think you will be convinced that the remedy is exactly what I claim for it. I will also send you free an Illustrated Booklet giving you exact and correct information about catarrh.

Just Fill in Coupon, Cut it Out and Mail Today

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free, Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name.....

Town.....

Street or R. F. D..... State.....

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2944—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Dutch Neck. Madras, linen, or pongee develop well in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3195—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A neat waist developed in linen, madras or lawn. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2883—Girls' Dress, with high or Dutch neck. This dress will develop well in lawn or challis. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3204—Girls' Dress. Challis, cashmere or any of the wash materials are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2396—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Cheviot, serge, ladies' cloth or Panama cloth all develop well in this style. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2482—Misses' Skirt, closed at left side, with an inverted box plait at center back seam and with or without center back front seam. Mohair, shepherd's plaid or serge are excellent for this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1914—Misses' and Girls' Drawers. These models are best developed in muslin. 8 sizes—2 to 16 years.

1809—Boys' Blouse or Shirt Blouse, with or without premanent turn down collar. This model is adaptable to any material suitable for a blouse. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2950—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with an attached five-gored skirt. Foulard, mull or eolienne are adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3182—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, with applied plastron, and an attached five-gored skirt. This model would develop well in any of the early spring materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3089—Ladies' Yoke Shirt Waist. Linen or madras would develop well in this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3243—Ladies' Waist, with or without bib and sleeve caps and with sleeves in seven-eighths or elbow length. Messaline, taffeta or silk are adaptable to this model. 4 sizes—34 to 40.

2795—Girls' One-Piece Dress, slipped over the head and having a separate guimpe. This neat little model will look well developed in figured or plain challis. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3226—Boys' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse with removable shield and knickerbockers. Serge, chambray or duck would develop well in this style. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2728—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center back seam and having tucked front gore, and an inverted box-plait at each side front seam. Any of the season's suitings will develop well in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2786—Ladies' Three-Piece Empire Skirt, in sweep length and with one-piece tunic having straight lower edge. An excellent model developed in Crepe de Chine, chiffon cloth or messaline. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2550—Child's Apron. This model is best developed in muslin or lawn. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2581—Girls' and Child's Dress. A pretty little frock developed in mohair or serge. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2755—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at back and having an attached nine-gored skirt. Mull or any light weight materials will develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3219—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 31-inch length. Any of the season's coatings are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

ADMIT SHE SHOT AMERICANS

Afghan Fanatic Who Assaulted Women Is Arrested.

Washington, March 18.—The Afghan fanatic, who shot and wounded two American women about a week ago while visiting the Mosque of Omar near Jerusalem, has been arrested and has confessed having committed the assault.

The American charge at Constantinople, in a telegram to the state department, says the culprit is being held pending the outcome of the injuries to the American women, one of whom lost an eye. The officials have declared it their purpose to inflict the severest punishment upon the assailant.

Officials of Constantinople have called at the American embassy and expressed their regret at the occurrence.

TO 'BUST' MEAT TRUST

Sims Tries to Dissolve National Packing Co.

Chicago, March 21.—Simultaneously with the return of indictments today against the National Packing Co. and its subsidary companies, charging violation of the anti-trust law, United States District Attorney Sims also filed a bill in equity for dissolution of the alleged trust.

The bill names not only the National Packing Co., but the Armour, Swift and Morris companies, and the individuals who dominate and control these concerns.

It is apparent from the bill and the indictments that the government regards the National Packing Co. as the instrumentality through which, it is alleged, the packers have been evading the anti-trust law, and by means of which they have been making their combination effective.

It is admittedly the opinion of the department of justice and of the grand jury which, at Judge Landis' direction, has been investigating the meat industry for the last two months, that if the National Packing Co. is broken up the alleged evils of this combination will be remedied.

At any rate the present attack of the government is focused on the National Packing Co. as the nucleus of the so-called meat combination.

The defendants to the bill are the National Packing Co., G. H. Hammond Co., Hammond Packing Co., Omaha Packing Co. Anglo-American Provision Co., Fowler Packing Co.

CALLS PEARY A FAKIR

Cook's Word as Good as His, Says Georgia Governor.

Atlanta, Ga., March 16.—After refusing to introduce Commander R. E. Peary, who will lecture here tonight, Gov. J. M. Brown gave out an interview in which he denounced Peary as a fakir and defended Dr Cook. Governor Brown said:

"What proof does Peary bring save his own word? Cook brings the same, and as good. If Cook has handed us a gold brick, Peary has handed us a paste diamond.

"It is up to Peary to explain how Cook's story can be false and his identical story can be true. The American people will not accept his smile as proof that he is not as great a fakir as he charges Cook to be. Peary and Cook tell the same stories about finding the pole, and like the Siamese twins, they must live together or die together. You might as well say that Chang was a Chinese and Eng was an Englishman as to say that Cook's story is false and Peary's true.

"Peary's selfishness has disgusted the country. I am glad congress has refused to honor Peary. To do so would put government approval upon a transparent fraud—a fraud in that while denouncing Cook's story as a fake we are asked to stamp Peary's story as truth and laud Peary for doing only what Cook had already done."

THE LUCKY MAN.

Jones—So the elderly Miss Simpkins is engaged at last! Who is the lucky man?
Smith—I am. I once came within an ace of proposing to her myself!

DEMAND NEW RULES

Members of Congress Ask For Entire Revision of the Present System.

Washington, March 21.—Soon after the opening of the house of representatives today Representative Wilson, (Dem.) of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution authorizing the new rules committee of the house to revise, amend, simplify and codify the rules of the house.

Prophecies as to the make up of the new committee on rules are as divergent as they are numerous. Speaking for the insurgents Victor Murdock said to The Blade correspondent: "We do not expect, we do not seek representation on the rules committee. We will not make an effort to secure it. Our contention is won. We are satisfied with the results. The personnel of the committee interests us only to the extent that we want to see the best committee possible."

Of the ten men who will go on the new committee six are already conceded as certain of election. They are Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, Republicans; Champ Clark, of Missouri; Fitzgerald, of New York; Underwood, of Alabama, and Sherley, of Kentucky, Democrats. The remaining Republican members are in doubt. The belief, however, is that McCall, of Massachusetts; Ellis, of Oregon, and Denby, of Michigan, will be chosen.

Immediately after the chaplain had concluded his prayer, a buzz of conversation arose. Rapping the members to order angrily, Speaker Cannon reminded them that the unanimous consent calendar, which was the order of the day, was not a safe calendar unless the house considered it in an orderly manner. "The calendar does not get good legislation," said the speaker. "We cannot get good legislation without the co-operation of members."

The unanimous consent calendar referred to by Mr. Cannon was a part of the new Fitzgerald rules adopted by the house about a year ago.

"The unanimous consent calendar," declared Mr. Cannon, between the raps of his gavel, "has relieved the speaker from all responsibility in examining bills before he exercises his discretion in submitting them to unanimous consent, and now that discretion rests upon the house. And," he added, in earnest tones, "if the house is not in order somebody will get hurt."

When the laughter that followed this parliamentary threat ceased, the speaker appealed to the spectators to assist in maintaining order. "The chair appeals to the galleries, which are not saying a word, to continue in that condition—of course the house will keep order," he added with a smile.

Some semblance of order was then obtained, and the house proceeded to dispose of a number of bills of minor importance on the calendar.

INSURGENTS MAY TAKE CHANCE AT BOSS ALDRICH

Washington, March 21.—If indications prove accurate, the Republican insurgents and the Democrats in the senate will make a desperate effort to rebuke the regular Republican "organization" in that body. The plan is to discredit and minimize the power of Aldrich in the senate, just as Cannon has been dethroned in the house.

The house contest began over a trivial matter, and that upon which the issue swings in the senate is still more insignificant. There are two bills pending in that body for the preservation of fur seals in Alaska. The question is whether they shall be referred to the committee on foreign affairs, of which Senator Cullom, of Illinois, one of the "elder senators," is chairman, or to the committee on the conservation of national resources, of which Senator Dixon, of Montana, a young senator in years and service, is the chief.

Aldrich's "bossism" in the senate rests upon a foundation different entirely from that which gives Cannon his power in the house. There is no rules committee in the senate to bind the body with special regulations to suit the requirements of different situations. The senate is a smaller body and its members serve longer than those of the house.

The "elders" so-called work together with Aldrich as their untitled chief, and are placed so as to control all important committees. Then when bills and resolutions of importance are introduced the "elders," which is to say Aldrich, control their fate by sending them to a "safe" committee, one they control.

If a majority of the senate composed of Republicans and Democrats, the Republicans ignoring the party lash and the many other influences controlled by Aldrich, insist on referring bills to scrub committees controlled by them, the senate organization will have been seriously undermined. This is what is behind the seemingly insignificant contest over the two Alaskan measures.

The initial skirmishes over the matter were fought in the senate on Thursday and Friday. The "story" was overshadowed by the sensational crisis then existing in the house. On both Thursday and Friday the question was debated in the senate, and Friday the senate hurriedly adjourned because a majority undoubtedly at that time was ready to vote down the organization by sending the bills to Dixon's instead of Cullom's committee.

Senator Cullom has been hard at work in the meantime, trying to gather the votes necessary to have his way. Believing that their fight is won, the insurgent Republicans of the house now intend to settle down and assist toward bringing about the enactment of legislation and working for an early adjournment.

The next radical reform to be undertaken is that of taking the power of appointing all committees away from the speaker and lodging it in the house. The talk of the insurgents today suggests that now they want to walk back under the Republican banner, and lay the basis for the coming congressional campaign.

Such is their purpose, but their ability to carry it out is more than doubtful. They are so intensely hated now by the regular leaders that personal feeling probably will master considerations of political policy. They are far from welcome in a Republican caucus.

BEATEN SPEAKER DENOUNCES OPPONENTS AS COWARDS

Washington, March 21.—With eyes glowing defiance and voice thundering at his enemies with all the day's pent up bitterness, Speaker Cannon made a vitriolic attack on the "hybrid house majority" at the annual dinner of the Illinois Republican association Saturday night, a few hours after his defeat in the house.

"My God," he cried with great solemnity, "suppose this 150 pounds of common clay should drop dead tonight, what would the newspapers and magazines which make a profession of lying and slandering do then? My daughters, grandchildren, my son-in-law, would be sorry. But the balance of the world would not have time to be sorry. There never was a truer word said than 'Let the dead bury its dead.' If that were not true than the world would be one vast house of mourning.

"I know people who think they monopolize the wires from the earth up to the great white throne. They don't give the majority of us a chance. They have cure alls, they think God and one constitute a majority, forgetting that God alone is t majority getting that God alone is the majority. We're thankful for Christian morality. Once in a while we find people who have a monopoly of all knowledge and therefore should be indicted and prosecuted under the Sherman anti-trust law. All who disagree with them are anathema.

"It's uncomfortable some times to live in a government by the people. There will always be some who are feeble minded, abnormal, insane, or, to use a shorter and more common word, they are cranks. But we've got to have them.

"There was a new majority made today. It consisted of the Democrats and a 15 per cent desertion from the Republican party. They destroyed the comittee on rules. Then what did they do? A resolution was presented declaring the office of speaker vacant. Then what did these men who have been denouncing my personality, these simon pure followers of Cummins and La Follette do then? Only eight of them had the courage of their convictions. The result was, that while I was elected speaker by 260 last March, they refused to turn me out by a majority of 36.

"I am thankful I belong to the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield, and Roosevelt and Taft, and whenever any charge is made upon it, whether from pulpit or magazine, or Chautauqua circuit, I will defend it. I would rather keep the Republican faith and fail than to march with men who would disrupt the Republican party and succeed.

"The country believes we have a majority in the house; whereas, we have none, nor have we a majority in the senate. But this news is not given to the country by certain publicists. They suppress it and distort it and talk only about Cannonism and the defeat and the rebuke of the czar today. Some of us pray for the millenium. But I do not want it to come at any time, unless the Almighty reaches down his finger and changes the human animal."

MAYOR REBUKES GRAND JURY

Says It's None of Their Business to Inquire Into Subway Plans.

New York, March 18.—In a curt little note to the district attorney of Queen's county Mayor Gaynor informed him today that it is sometimes well for even grand juries to mind their own business.

The district attorney, complying with instructions from the grand jury, has forwarded to the mayor a set of resolutions requesting him to furnish detailed information of all subway plans now under consideration by the city of New York, with special relation to what part of the cost would fall upon the borough of Queens. The mayor, in his reply, wrote as follows:

"Be so good as to inform the grand jury I shall do no such thing. It has become the custom of late for grand juries to set themselves up as having authority on all sorts of matters with which they have no authority whatever. Their business is to inquire into

PEARY TO DODGE INSULTS

Explorer's Lecture Tour in the South Is Cut Short.

New York, March 18.—Commander Robert E. Peary has cut short his lecture tour in the south. The refusal of Governor Brown of Georgia to introduce him to an Atlanta audience Wednesday night, his reference to the commander in an interview as a "faker" and the small crowd that attended the lecture, brought forth this announcement from the civic forum in New York. The announcement says:

"The civic forum lecture bureau has found it advisable to cancel all of Commander Robert E. Peary's southern lecture dates, owing to the desire on their part to avoid any evidence of coldness toward Commander Peary. The civic forum lecture bureau, whose object is educational, refuses to allow Commander Peary to be subjected to the liability of a gratuitous insult, such as was given in Atlanta by Governor Brown of Georgia."

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Wireless Telephones for the Ears

They make the Deaf hear distinctly.
They are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are for weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.
They are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.
They rest the Ear Nerves by taking off the strain—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds.
And they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt, even when the head rests on the pillow.
These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds, just as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better the hearing grows. Because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves.
By making the sounds louder, it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable.
Wilson's Ear Drum make sounds strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading out weakly all over the surface.
Deafness from any cause, catarrh, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by these little wonder-workers.
A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who were deaf but who now hear.
Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—tell how their hearing was brought back to them, almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.
This book has been the means of making $38,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Get the free book for proof. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to learn how to be well.
Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 733 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

CANNON MEETS DEFEAT

Speaker of House Is Removed From Rules Committee by Vote of 191 to 155.

Washington, March 19.—The house of representatives at 5:30 p. m. today amid scenes of wild disorder threw Speaker Cannon out of his place on the all-powerful rules committee. Then, quickly sobering, it defeated, by a vote of 155 to 191, a resolution of Representative Burleson, Democrat, of Texas, which would have deposed him from the speakership of the house.

The insurgents split in the vote on the Burleson resolution, Hayes, Norris, Fish and other irreconcilables voting against it. The only Republicans who voted in favor of declaring the office of speaker vacant were: Cary, Cooper, Lenroot and Nelson, of Wisconsin; Davis and Lindbergh, of Minnesota; Murdock, of Kansas; Gronna, of North Dakota, and Poindexter, of Washington. Gronna, of North Dakota, first announced his vote in the negative and was applauded. He afterward changed. The Democrats voted solidly for the resolution.

When the result was announced an indescribable scene of confusion instantly ensued, the big American flag being waved by the speaker's adherents.

A motion to adjourn was carried at 5:31 p. m., and the crowd began to sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

The speaker held an impromptu reception after the adjournment. Practically the whole Republican house passed by, shaking the speaker's hand. He looked as if nothing had happened or ever could happen to disturb his serenity.

The creation of an enlarged committee on rules with the speaker barred from membership is assured. The Norris resolution as amended, providing for the election by the house of 10 members, was adopted by a vote of 191 to 135.

After the announcement of the passage of the resolution the speaker asked the house's indulgence for three minutes while he made a statement.

After an extended introduction reviewing the situation, the speaker concluded with these words: "The speaker has always said that, under the constitution, it is a question of the highest privilege for an actual majority of the house at any time to choose a new speaker, and again notifies the house that the speaker will at this moment or at any other time while he remains speaker entertain in conformity with the highest constitutional privilege a motion by any member to vacate the office of the speakership and choose a new speaker, and under existing conditions, would welcome such action upon the part of the actual majority of the house, so that power and responsibility may rest with the Democratic and insurgent members who by the last vote evidently constitute a majority of this house. The chair is now ready to entertain such motion."

Champ Clark minority leader, said that no such motion as that suggested by the speaker would be made by the Democrats today. However, Burleson, of Texas, against the pleadings of his associates, immediately sent a resolution to the desk. It provided that the speaker's seat be declared vacant and that the house proceed to elect his successor. The house became a scene of pandemonium.

The wildest confusion ensued upon the reading of the Burleson resolution. Everybody shouted at once, and the din almost drowned the sound of the speaker's gavel.

Mr. Gaines, Republican, of West Virginia, who had yielded a motion to adjourn in order to receive the speaker's statement, insisted that he had precedence. Sherley, Democrat, of Kentucky, led the protest against the entertainment of the Burleson resolution. The greatest confusion seemed to be among the Democrats.

Wild Confusion Reigns.

The speaker did not at once rule whether the motion to adjourn or the Burleson resolution to depose him was in order. For fully five minutes the confusion continued, punctuated by the pounding of the speaker's gavel.

At last when a semblance of quiet prevailed the speaker ordered that the motion to adjourn was in order, but he would be gratified if it should be withdrawn.

Some yelled, "Withdraw it!" Others yelled, "No! Stand pat!" "Adjourn!" "Throw him out!"

The speaker pounded the house into a semblance of quiet and then asked that the adjournment motion be withdrawn. The mover refused to withdraw the motion, and the motion was put. It was defeated with a yell.

Norris demanded the yeas and nays on the motion to adjourn, but Tawney made the point of order that the demand came too late. On a division the house again refused to adjourn.

The house, at the point of hysteria, seemed ready for the speaker's destruction, limb from limb. Burleson's resolution then became the question and on it he demanded the previous question.

The previous question was ordered and the vote began on the crucial question: "Shall the speaker's seat be declared vacant?" The yeas and nays were ordered on the resolution.

Majority Leader Payne took the chair amid wild cheering. Representative Clark, of Florida, moved that Minority Leader Champ Clark be elected speaker. The motion was declared out of order and the vote proceeded on the deposition of Speaker Cannon.

Cooper, of Wisconsin, insurgent Republican, was roundly hissed when he voted with the Democrats to depose the speaker. Some of the most incorrigible insurgents, however, voted against the resolution.

By the time the fifth call of the roll was half completed it was evident that the Burleson resolution would almost certainly be defeated. When the vote was announced it stood 155 for deposing and 191 against.

How They Voted.

Ohio's vote on the Norris resolution that plucked Cannon's power was as follows:

FOR CANNON

Douglas (R.).
Goebel (R.).
Keifer (R.).
Kennedy (R.).
Longworth (R.).
Cole (R.).

AGAINST CANNON

Ansberry (D.).
Ashbrook (D.).
Cassidy (R.).
Cox (D.).
Denver (D.).
Hollingsworth (R.).
Howland (R.).
Johnson (R.).
Sharp (D.).
Sherwood (D.).
Taylor (R.).
Touvelle (D.).

On the motion declaring Cannon's seat vacant, the Ohio vote was:

Ansberry (D.) aye; Ashbrook (D.), aye; Cassidy (R.), paired; Cole (R.), no; Cox (D.) aye; Denver (D.), aye; Douglas (R.), aye; Goebel (R.), no; Hollingsworth (R.), no; Howland (R.), no; Johnson (R.), no; Joyce (R.), no; Keifer (R.), no; Kennedy (R.), no; Longworth (R.), no; Sharp (D.), aye; Sherwood (D.), aye; Taylor (R.), no; Thomas (R.), paired; Touvelle (D.), aye.

The full list of Republicans who voted for the Norris resolution is:

California—Hayes.
Iowa—Dawson, Good, Hangen, Hubbard, Kendall, Pickett and Woods.
Massachusetts—Ames and Gardner.
Minnesota—Davis, Lindbergh, Miller, Steenerson and Volstead.
New York—Fish, Foelker and Parsons.
New Jersey—Fowler.
Ohio—Cassidy, Hollingsworth, Howland, Johnson and Taylor.
North Dakota—Gronna.
South Dakota—Martin.
Nebraska—Hinshaw, Kinkaid and Norris.
Michigan—McLaughlin and Townsend.
Kansas—Madison and Murdock.
Vermont—Plumley.
Washington—Poindexter.
Wisconsin—Cary, Cooper, Davidson, Kepp, Kusterman, Ledroot, Morse and Nelson.

Following is the series of votes that tells the story of Saturday's struggle:

On Dalzell's motion to lay on the table the appeal of Norris from Speaker's ruling.....	184	151
On Norris' motion ordering the previous question on his appeal	132	160
On the question: "Shall the ruling of the Chair be sustained?"	160	152
On ordering the previous question on the adoption of the Norris resolution	153	153
To adopt the Norris resolution	191	155
On Burleson's resolution to declare the Speaker's chair vacant	155	191

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

The Why of Easter Symbols

THERE are many things connected with everyday life which we take for granted; many things which, if we were brought front face with the question, "What is their meaning?" we should be at a loss to explain. We may think we know, but when put to the test, we find it impossible to give the correct answer.

It is a good thing to have an inquiring mind. This, by the way, does not mean meddlesome curiosity, but an inquiring mind, which, without prying into the affairs of others, seeks to know the whys and wherefores of things that be.

Just at present, some of the "things that be" are the Easter signs and symbols. They are with us every year; the rabbits, eggs, little chickens, nests and baskets, but their exact meaning, whence they sprung, and their whys and wherefores are not taken often into consideration.

If you do not know, have you ever thought to ask, "Why the rabbit?" Taking it for granted there may be some who do not know, this is the answer: The legend of the Easter rabbit or hare is of purely German origin, as are so many of the pretty and quaint customs. It is supposed to be white, this bunny for whom the little children of the Fatherland search so diligently; it is supposed to come only to the boys and girls who have been good, loving and kind during the year. Again, it is supposed that after the house is quiet, late at night, this Easter rabbit visits the household, hiding colored eggs and tiny gifts in all manner of queer corners. On Easter morning the children are early astir on their quest for the rabbit's tokens.

In connection with this myth of the Easter rabbit, here is a part of a spring and Easter letter which came from a little girl who lives in Oregon. She writes:

"We had much snow here in the winter, but now it is nearly spring and the snow is gone. Our school will soon be out and then is when I will make my garden. Oh! there is no better season than 'spring, beautiful spring,' when the flowers are in bloom and the cherries are full in blossom and the vine maples get their leaves. It is so nice to have a picnic in the woods, out under the trees.

"It will soon be Easter day, and I hope I can find an Easter nest. There are not many rabbits around here, but as few as there are, I am sure I ought to find one nest, for this winter I saved one rabbit from being killed by a weasel, and let it out by our house, so it will surely be kind to me.

"There are many squirrels around here, and many flowers grow in the woods that are wild. The birds sing so sweetly that they make music sweeter than I ever heard before. Best wishes to all. Your friend, "OTTILIE I. FELDT."

Eggs have always been a part of the Easter celebration, being a symbol of the Resurrection. In olden times the parish priest blessed the colored eggs which were brought to him; they were then distributed to the poor.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

EACH season of the year bears with it a message, and if heard aright, it is never a sad one. When, in the cycle of a year, summer merges into autumn; the autumn into winter, the winter into spring, and the spring into summer again, with every change there is a message, and none is more joyous than when spring displaces winter and the renaissance of the earth begins.

Each change of season brings with it a fresh impetus. Though it recurs in regular rotation, it is a new beginning. It is like welcoming the coming and speeding the going guest. Theold is done with. The new is untried. What it holds is unknown. What it may hold can be shaped a little by the lessons of past experience.

Every season possesses a marked day to emphasize its message. In the spring it is Easter. Not another day comes upon the earth, with such universal acceptance of this, the harbinger of joy and hope. Easter offers pleasant thoughts to the hospitality of our minds. It signifies the renewal of nature, and the renewal of spiritual grace. The whole Christian world celebrates this day and its sights and sounds are of the kind to make glad the hearts of men. It is one of the best days on the calendar "The Great Day" was its ancient title.

With its dawn comes the pealing of Easter bells. From the church spires ring out glad tidings:

"The Lord of Christendom is risen; there is victory over death! Come out, come out, think your best thoughts; lay aside your cares; banish pettiness from your minds; be good and be happy," they say.

The buds are beginning to swell and the grass to be green. The fragrance of Easter flowers scents the air. The joyousness of Easter observance is spreading an influence few can resist. "Come out, come out and share in the joy," urge the Easter bells.

This is the message to be heeded.

While fashion is a strong element; while millinery and the pageantry of dress, color the day, to these may be attached a meaning other than mere wordiness. It may require imagination to do this, but in many instances imagination is a valuable asset. It is a good thing to hear occasionally, the poetry rather than the prose of life.

The spirit of Easter rejoicing is back of the display. Without the celebration of "The Great Day," there would be no special cause for the pageantry. It is true the spiritual significance is seldom thought of in this connection, but the custom of putting on the best one has is the outward sign and symbol of rejoicing, and has its origin in the wish to honor the day of resurrection. The world has traveled far from this first intention, but none who think can deny whence sprung this custom of fashion.

Easter has much to say to us if we listen to its message. The spring is coming back; life is beginning again in the fields and parks and gardens; our dwelling place is being invested with fresh beauty. We may, if we will, make personal application of this rejuvenescence. With Easter comes the assurance:

"God's in his heaven;
All's right with the world."

THE APARTMENT house stands smooth, smug, bare-faced and glaringly new, nearly covering a lot which once was a yard, surrounding a house whose history was that of a home, which, from its beginning had been the dwelling place of one family.

The yard was once a grass plot in the center, wherein were fruit trees. It was bordered all around with strips of garden ground, wherein bloomed flowering shrubs and flowers that were perennials. The hands that planted and tended these strips of garden ground are vanished forever from the sight of those who loved them and who knew their ministrations.

Gone are the fruit trees, which bore more flowers than fruit. Gone are the flowering shrubs. Gone is the house that was home. The apartment building stands in its place—smooth, smug, bare-faced and glaringly new; filled for the most part with those who are alien to this bit of soil.

There is a small strip only of the garden ground left uncovered, but in this small strip the perennials are still living and pricking their slender, green shoots through the earth. After a while, some of these plants will send forth their bloom in the flower called narcissus. Daffodils and jonquils are there, too, and a tiny, white star of a flower, named the star of Bethlehem. As yet, they have not dawned on earth, but I know they are coming, because for so many years in the past they have bloomed in that strip of garden ground.

"I am a symbol of the resurrection and the life," is their message to me. "I come in memory of her who placed me here. For the one who gave me life I come each year to raise to her a monument more beautiful and fitting than towering shaft or tablet of stone."

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

I feel I must scatter my happiness abroad, not only in words, but in deeds, also, and see if some of it will not enter some abode of less cheer.—Little Mother of New York.

MONDAY

Well do I remember the days of my childhood, when my dear mother called us children around her, then kneeling by her chair, prayed the Father to keep her children. Can the child thus taught, forget?—William G. H., West Virginia.

TUESDAY

Now about children's bad tempers. I say get along with as little whipping as possible. I think kindness is far better, as a whipping only makes a child mad and does not do much good.—Milly of the Mountains, Washington.

WEDNESDAY

When I find myself feeling gloomy or despondent I try to go bury my sorrow and smile again.—Emma of Michigan.

THURSDAY

When a woman keeps her home in a healthful condition at all times, and rears and educates her children to the par-excellence of beautiful manhood and womanhood, isn't she fulfilling the mission for which she was created?—A Trained Nurse from Central Michigan.

FRIDAY

I am kept busy the greater part of the time with my housework, but I try to find a little time to read to the children and teach them right from wrong.—Cheerful Wife and Mother of Ohio.

SATURDAY

I think if we have a good word to say, why not say it now, and I think we should be careful not to say anything about a neighbor that we would not like to say to his face. May God help us to guard our thoughts, tongues and tempers.—A Sister of Idaho.

Baked and Boiled.

Some one has said, without proving it, that there are 800 ways of cooking potatoes. However this may be, the best ways are the simple ways, and because the process of cooking potatoes in these ways is so simple, too often it is not done properly. The best ways are the plain boiled and baked potatoes. There are none better than these when skillfully cooked and daintily served. According to Mrs. Rorer, in her book on vegetable cookery, here are the directions for baking and boiling potatoes:

Plain Boiled.

Peel the potatoes, taking off a very thin peeling. Throw them into cold water for half an hour, then drop into a kettle of boiling, unsalted water; boil until you can pierce them to the center with a fork. Drain perfectly dry; stand them in a kettle over he fire; sprinkle lightly with salt and shake until they are white and dry. Turn at once into a heated dish. Serve uncovered.

In Their Jackets.

Scrub the potatoes thoroughly; rinse them; soak in cold water for half an hour. Then boil precisely the same as directed in preceding recipe. Potatoes in jackets may have a peeling taken off the entire round of the potato, lengthwise.

Baked Potatoes.

Select potatoes of even size, scrub and soak them in cold water for half an hour; put in moderately hot oven and bake until they are soft to the very center. Do not pierce them with a fork, but after they have been baking half an hour take one in your hand in a towel, press it carefully without breaking the skin; if it feels soft to the center it is done. Take each potato carefully in your hand in a towel and work it inside the skin until it is thoroughly mashed. Place a napkin in the dish in which they are served.

Use your brains and patience when cooking, daintiness in serving, and the plainest dish wil be palatable and appetizing.

CACTUS DAHLIAS

IT is safe to guess that those who have home gardens are a-thinking about stirring the soil and sowing and planting as soon as the frost is sufficiently out of the ground to permit. And it is safe to guess also that the home garden makers are always wanting to have the best of flowers. There are no bad flowers, but of course some are better than others. In the magazine called The House Beautiful there is a department called The Home Garden, conducted by Clarence Moores Weed, and in the March number is this:

The cactus dahlias are now well established as one of the most ornamental types of border flowers for both outdoor and indoor uses. They are inexpensive, easy to grow in varied situations, and offer a tempting variety of form and color. They yield a profusion of foliage and flowers a few weeks after planting, and so are particularly desirable in filling in gaps in new places or in undeveloped parts of old ones.

The double cactus dahlias are certainly among the most essentially decorative of flower forms. The curiously recurved petals project from the heart of the flower in all directions and display some of the most glowing color tones imaginable. The reds and pinks are especially attractive in such varieties as Kriemhilde, Countess of Lonssdale, Elorodora and J. H. Jackson. There are also several splendid yellow and a few beautiful white sorts, while the variegated kinds are even more attractive than the self-colored ones.

The flower is especially good for the amateur who wishes to specialize by making a collection of varieties. The type is of such recent introduction that there are comparatively few sorts as yet. A collection of 20 good varieties can be purchased for $2.50. A single plant will yield enough tubers to set quite a space the second season, so that such a collection has great possibilities after two or three years.

One can generally get from seedsmen and florists either tubers or young plants in pots. The latter are from cuttings and should be well rooted. Both are satisfactory and each will do well if set in fairly good soil when danger of frost is past and given reasonable care. As soon as planted or when the plants are a foot high a

CACTUS DAHLIAS.

slender stake painted green should be pushed down beside each and the stalk tied to this when it reaches a height of two or three feet.

The habit of growth of the cactus dahlias renders them essentially border plants. They belong to the area along the fence, wall or shrubbery, or they may be massed to good advantage in open spaces among plantings of shrubs. They may often be utilized effectively also to cover bare spaces in plantations of young evergreens. They sometimes go well along the back side of the border garden, especially if it has the protection of a fence or wall near by.

As cut flowers for indoor use the cactus type is probably the best of the dahlias. The flowers are sufficiently firm to keep fairly well, and their forms and colors are sure to catch the eye of the most indifferent observer. They mass effectively in rather wide, low jars of neutral color tones.

The single cactus dahlias are less effective for border use than the double ones. They are very attractive as cut flowers, however, having an orchid-like beauty that gives them distinction. Lord Goff is one of the best varieties of this type.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I have brought along some second-hand fun today and if you think it was really funny I hope you may get it first hand next winter. You see, here in New England, nature has been holding a grand ball. Mr. Weather Clerk led the orchestra with first violin and prompted at the same time. The tunes have been so lively that poor suffering humanity has become exhausted in its effort at playing second fiddle. Old Mercury was chief floor director and his aids were Snow, Wind, Hail, Sleet, Fog, Mist and Rain. They kept the dancers busy guessing what the next figure would be, you may rest assured.

The Thermometers and Barometers were the livelliest dancers of all, and never wearied in vieing with one another as to which should lead in the grand marches. The most persistent dancer was Zero Weather. He played some part in nearly every figure, although he had three dreaded rivals who frequently forced him to the wall. They were 10, 15 and 20 Below. Once in a while 40 and 50 Above Zero would leap onto the floor where the dancers were thickest and cast a few melting glances around, but as soon as Old Zero, or one of his rivals, recovered from their astonishment at such daring audacity they would turn the cold shoulder toward their warm-hearted friends and freeze their warmth before it had done much harm. But, take heart, friends. The other day 90 In-the-Shade telephoned to me that she had rented the hall for the summer and as soon as she can get her ball gowns in readiness she will take possession and Old Zero will have to retire, or melt into tears at her approach.

One evening, when 20 Below was holding sway, the revellers entered our pantry, where our large water tank is placed on the other side of the partition, just behind our kitchen sink. This tank is filled with running water from a natural spring in a hillside several rods above our house and is connected with the sink by a pipe through the partition. What did these wicked elves do but freeze this overflow pipe to the tank and also to my sink, as well as the connecting pipe. With my usual luck in such emergencies the Man of the House arose early that morning, and went to work in the woods, several miles away, and beyond the reach of a telephone. He had been gone but a few moments when I was startled by the rush of many waters. I ran into the pantry, thinking the tank had burst, but instead it was overflowing. This meant fun for me, as there was no way of stopping the water from running in. The pipes for carrying it off were all frozen. The only way to get rid of the surplus was to carry it out through the kitchen by the pailful. Either the tank was too high or I was too short. Anyway I had to stand up on a chair and dip the water out, consequently I could manage but one pail at a time. By working very expeditiously I managed to lower the water enough so that I could take time to use the telephone to borrow a man. Men are "dreadful handy" at times, even though they will not let us vote.

When the man arrived a few minutes later and found me at work dipping water and learned my predicament the horrid creature sat down and laughed until I wondered if he would ever stop. When he could sober down long enough he had the impertinence to ask me which occupation I liked best, dipping water or pouring cider into a bunghole? Then he laughed again as though he thought he had said something real funny. I couldn't see anything funny about it and had he not been the only available man on the plantation I think I would have baptized him right then and there with good grace and ice water, though it was 20 degres below zero and my pantry floor was covered wih ice. As it was, I put on a sickly smile and pretended I enjoyed it, while I told him that if he knew of anyway of helping me out of that scrape I wished he would go to work and do it and postpone his laughter until afterwards. Then we went to work in earnest, Mr. Man proceeded to dig up and thaw out the pipes, while I undertook to look after two children, keep two wood fires burning, heat water for Mr. Man, and last, but not least, keep the tank from overflowing on him while he was at work on the pipes beneath. This meant that I must carry out a pail of water every five minutes.

We began working on the water wagon, as I call it, at 6:30 a. m., and it was nearly 3 p. m. before we succeeded in getting the pipes thawed out enough so that water flowed out of the house as fast as it came in. The next day I spent in deep and solemn meditation. I was too stiff and lame to do anything else. In the midst of my meditations it came over me, all of a sudden, how ungrateful I had been, that I had never before thought to be thankful that the water ran out of the house as fast as it ran in!—New England Girl, Massachusetts.

Children's Letters

I live on a farm in Columbia county, Pennsylvania. It is five miles to town from where I live. I have one sister and four brothers, but I have one dear little brother dead. His name was Dewey. I have a little niece and one nephew. He is the baby now. I have two pets; one dog and a cat. The dog's name is Sheppie, and the cat's is Tommie.

I go to school whenever it is weather so I can. As this is my first letter I will close.—Alta Potter.

I live in a town in good old Iowa. I will try to write you a letter. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade. I take music lessons and I like music very much. The population of our town is 5,000. My papa has taken The Blade for seven years. We all like it. I have five pets: two cats, two rabbits and a dog. My dog's name is Pug. I will sign my nickname.—Maggie.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl 11 years old. I have never written to any paper before, so I am very anxious for this to appear in print. I live at the great health resort, West Baden Springs. There is an immense hotel here. It has the largest dome in the world—200 feet in diameter. The hotel is octagon shape and is over 300 feet in diameter. I have a blue hen for a pet.—Murriel Harmon, Indiana.

I am a little orphan girl 11 years old. My mother died when I was 6 years old, and my father when I was 8, though I have a good home with a friend of my father's. Three days before my father died he gave me to this friend. They are very kind and good to me, and I love them very much, although they are no relation of mine. I call them uncle and aunt. I go to school and get along well in my books. My teacher's name is Miss Mona Phillips. I study arithmetic, geography, language, reading, spelling and writing. I have for pets a canary bird and kitten. My bird's name is Bobbie and my kitten's name is Foxie Paul. We take The Blade and like it very much. I always read the Household page, especially the children's letters. I will sign the name my uncle calls me.—Pink, West Virginia.

SOME POINTERS

Say good morning every morning whether you want to or not. It gives you a top o' the morning feeling.

Wear something new on Easter day if you can. If not, just freshen up your heart a bit, and you'll feel in line with the procession.

A flower and a smile are two things worth while.

Get into the habit of saying pleasant things, and you will forget to say any other.

Never take a quarrel too seriously. A stormy wind always blows itself out.

Most things will explain themselves if you give them time enough.

Think you want to do all that you have to do. It makes hard work seem easier.

When you get to a place where you don't know what to do next, don't do anything. Think a while, it helps to solve the problems.

Try to like what you have. There's always a chance that some day you will have what you like.

A man always acts mad when he's thinking hard.

When one who has a weak spot knows his weakness, he is on the road to Strongville.

Have patience with yourself as well as with others. We find it very hard to get along with ourselves sometimes.

It is good to have something to go home to, if it is nothing more than the chirky ticking of a clock that won't keep good time well.

One William Shakespeare said: "'Tis better to be brief than tedious."—Elizabeth.

EASTER SIGN

AN EASTER MEMORY

By Roy D. Cobb.

THIS STORY is an Easter happening of about 27 years ago:

I think the Easter Day I have in mind fell in the month of March, but it has been so long ago that I have the memory of it only. I woke up that morning earlier than usual, for my mother promised me if I would be a good boy and go to bed early, so I could get up early, that I would find some Easter eggs if I looked for them where I thought they would be. I was so anxious to start looking that I could not eat a bite of breakfast. My mother seemed to understand me perfectly, as she did not urge me in the least to eat. She seemed to know that if she urged me it would only make me cry and so spoil all the pleasure of the day.

Oh, what joy it was to me that morning when I started on my hunt for eggs. Mother told me that if I looked hard I would be sure to find them. They told me in later years that my actions in hunting for those eggs were so comical that they laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. Let me see, where did I at last find those eggs? I am sure it was under a pile of straw, right near the barn. Any way, I found them and was the happiest child on earth.

What would I not give to be able to put on my childhood clothes, play with the children, make mud pies and have all the joy I had when a little boy. That Easter day I remember so plainly, it seems written in my brain with lines of steel. This year I am going to make some little child happy on Easter so the memory may remain with him always.

Let us who can give to those who may have nothing for Easter, the joys we had when a child. Make them always remember this Easter day and all the others to follow to the last day of their lives. There are many we can help. Give all you can.

Our Little Ones.

Toledo children are the ones who said and did these things:

There is a certain young man aged 9, who has a sister four or five years younger. The young man is of the kind sometimes called "a holy terror." He teases his sister considerably and she therefore retaliates by telling tales on her brother. Recently she called their father's attention to a flagrant delinquency on the part of her brother. In his turn at getting even he remarked in wrath and scorn: "I'd like to change my sister off for a good dog, if I knew who'd give up a good dog for a girl."

Measles "broke out" in a Toledo family, at least it broke out on one of its younger members, and the home was quarantined while there was danger of contagion. One of the children, a girl child, who was not afflicted when last seen and heard from, spoke from an open window to a neighbor inquiring into the state of her health.

"No'm," she said, "I haven't got measles yet, but I expect to have 'em day after tomorrow."

It was in a Toledo kindergarten this happened: The teacher, in order to rest and divert the children's minds when they grow restless and weary, has a way of inventing pretend games, which her charges find very delightful. One of their games is make-believe being a kitten. The children "act out" the part, aided and abetted by their teacher. One day a little boy of dark color, whose fidgeting showed he needed a change of scene and action, was called to the front and told he might be a kitten for a moment or two.

"What kind of a kitten is this?" Miss Teacher asked her school, collectively.

There was silence for a moment and then a wee, small voice piped out: "He's a little black kitten."

Who knows more child stories?

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing—Fine as silk.

We are getting excellent letters for the M. G. R. I wish it were possible to publish them "al together, nothin' fust."

Letters recently delivered to the M. G. R. are from Olive Branch, Red Wing from West Virginia, Gertie G., Rissia Hazelwood, Ruth, Ara Seals, Gay Conley and Elnor.

Many thanks for the subscriptions renewed and the clubs sent in.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

LAUNDERING TABLE LINEN

The cheapest and most ordinary table-linen may be made to take a sheen as beautiful as the finest damask by ironing in this way: After linen has been carefully washed, boiled and rinsed, wring dry as possible and roll up in a dry sheet and leave for one hour. Iron till thoroughly dry. The linen escapes the wear and tear of swinging on line and keeps its shape better—Woman's Home Companion.

POETS' CORNER

A LEGEND OF VERMONT

Author Unknown.

Said to have been founded on fact.

Fair the cabin walls were gleaming in the sunbeam's golden glow,
On that lovely April morning, nearly a hundred years ago;
And upon the humble threshold stood the young wife, Margery Grey,
With her fearless blue eyes glancing down the lonely forest way.

On her arm her laughing baby with its father's dark hair played,
As he lingered there beside them, leaning on his trusty spade.
"I am going to the wheat lot," with a smile said Robert Grey.
"Will you be too lonely, Margery, if I leave you all the day?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer, ere she spoke a single word,
And the tone of her replying was as sweet as song of bird.
"No," she said, "I'll take the baby and go stay with Annie Brown.
You must meet us there, dear Robert, ere the sun has just gone down."

Thus they parted; strong and sturdy, all day long he labored on,
Spading up the fertile acres from the stubborn forest won;
And when lengthening shadows warned him that the sun was in the west,
Down the woodland aisles he hastened, whispering "Now for home and rest."

But when he had reached the clearing of their friend, a mile away,
Neither wife nor child was waiting there to welcome Robert Grey.
"She is safe at home," said Annie, "for she went an hour ago,
While the woods were still illumined by the sunset's crimson glow."

Back he sped, but night was falling, and the path he scarce could see;
Here and there his feet were guided onward by some deep-gashed tree.
When at length he gained the cabin, black and desolate it stood;
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless, in the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder and a sob of anguish wild,
Back he darted through the forest, calling for his wife and child.
Soon the scattered settlers gathered from the clearings far and near,
And the solemn woods resounded with their voices rising clear.

Torches flared and fires were kindled, and the horn's long peal rang out,
While the startled echoes answered the hardy woodman's shout.
But in vain their sad endeavor, night by night and day by day,
For no sign nor token found they of the child or Margery Grey.

Woe! woe for pretty Margery! With her baby on her arm,
On her homeward way she started, fearing nothing that would harm.
With a lip and brow untroubled, and a heart in utter rest
Through the dim woods she went singing to the darling at her breast.

But in sudden terror pausing, gazed she round in blank dismay—
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks pointing out the lonely way?

God of Mercies! She had wandered from the pathway! Not a tree
Giving mute but kindly warning could her straining vision see.

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars came out on high.
All was silent in the forest, save the owls' low, boding cry.
Round about her in the midnight stealthy shadows softly crept,
And the babe upon her bosom closed its timid eyes and slept.

Hark! A shout! And in the distance she could see a torch's gleam,
But alas, she could not reach it and it vanished like a dream.
Then another shout—another, but she shrieked and sobbed in vain,
Rushing wildly toward the presence she could never, never gain.

Morning came, and with the sunbeams hope and courage rose once more.
Surely ere another nightfall her long wanderings would be o'er.
So she soothed the wailing baby, and when faint from want of food,
Ate the evergreens and acorns that she found within the woods.

Oh, the days so long and dreary! Oh, the night, more dreary still!
More than once she heard the sounding of the horn from hill to hill.
More than once a smouldering fire in some sheltered nook she found,
And she knew her husband's footprints close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning and the sun's unpitying eye
Looked upon the haggard mother, looked to see the baby die;
All day long its plaintive moaning wrung the heart of Margery Grey,
All night long her bosom cradled it—a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her, on her rough and toilsome way,
Till across its marble beauty stole the plague spots of decay.
Then she knew that she must leave it, in the wilderness to sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only watch above its grave would keep.

Dumb with grief, she sat beside it. Ah! how long she never knew!
Were the tales her mother taught her of the dear All-Father true,
When the skies were brass above her and the earth was cold and dim,
And when all the tears and pleadings brought no answer down from Him?

But at last, stern life, the tyrant, bade her take her burden up.
To her lips so pale and shrunken pressed again the bitter cup;
Up she rose, still tramping onward through the forest far and wide
Till the mayflowers bloomed and perished and the sweet June roses died.

Till July and August brought her fruit and berries from their store,
Till the goldenrod and aster said that summer was no more;
Till the maples and the birches donned their robes of red and gold;
Till the birds were hastening southward and the days were growing old.

Was she doomed to roam forever o'er the desolate earth,
She, the last and only being in those wilds of human birth?
Sometimes from her dreary pathway wolf or black bear turned away,
But not once did human presence bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were brown and bare,
Through the streets of ancient Charlestown, with a strange bewildered air,
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman, whose disheveled locks of brown
O'er her naked breast and shoulders, in the wind were streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her, women veiled their modest eyes,
Ere they slowly ventured near her, drawn by pitying surprise.
"'Tis the crazy one," they whispered. Back her tangled hair she tossed,
"Oh, kind heart, take pity on me, for I am not mad, but lost."

Then she told her piteous story in a vague, disjointed way,
With the cold, white lips she murmured, "Take me back to Robert Grey!"
"But the river," said they, pondering, "we are on the other side.
How crossed you its rapid water? Deep the channel is and wide?"

But she said she had not crossed it. In her strange erratic course,
She had wandered far to northward, till she reached its fountain source,
In the dark Canadian forests—and then blindly roaming on,
Down the wild New Hampshire valleys her bewildered feet had gone.

Oh, the joy bells! Sweet their ringing on the frosty autumn air!
Oh, the boats across the waters! How they leaped the tale to bear!
Oh, the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day,
When that weary wife was folded to the heart of Robert Grey.

EASTER HYMN

George Newell Lovejoy.

O Earth! Throughout thy borders
Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen today!

Let peals of jubilation
Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
Roll round the World's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen today!

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE

Mrs. Norton.

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed! thou'rt sold!

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his gold;
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! Those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested wave, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein!

Will they ill use thee?—if I thought—but no—it can not be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return!—Alas! my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink! Away! the fevered dream is o'er!
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus—thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains!
Away! Who overtakes us now may claim thee for his pains.

HULLO

By Sam Walter Foss.

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" and "How d' ye do?"
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on the back;
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Walk right up, and don't go slow!
Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho!
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Jest fer wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale and hearty "How d' ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away,
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own log,
For a port behind the fog,
Let your speakin' trumpet blow!
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d' ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
Wen you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away;
Wen you travel through the strange
Country t' other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

MORE YELLOWSTONE

Well, I guess it is about time for me to continue my description of the Yellowstone, so here I am. August 3 we left Apollinaris Spring and proceeded on our journey. The first object of interest was the Obsidian Cliff or mountain of glass. This is a whole mountain of stone that looks exactly like black glass, except that it is not transparent. Next we passed Roaring mountain with its hundreds of little jets of steam pouring out of it, and hot water running down its sides, roaring continuously like half a dozen trains of cars. After this came Bijou Springs. I did not taste of its waters. Then came the arrangement of water called, from its shape, the Frying Pan. Farther on we reached the great Norris Geyser basin. This basin has an area of considerable extent. We did not attempt to count the number of geysers it contains or its many different kinds. There is one big caldron, 15 or 20 feet in width, in which the boiling fluid is liquid sulphur. Not far away is another cauldron of clear water. The whole field is covered with a shell formed by the lime deposit I have already described. It is so thin that board walks are laid across it and "Danger" signals are posted all along the way to prevent anyone from stepping off the walk.

There were the Minute Man, a little geyser that spouted regularly ever 60 seconds, others that spouted at longer intervals, and last, but by no means the least, was Black Growler, a nasty looking thing that spouted every 63 minutes. Then there was the Bath Tub, so called from its shape.

After leaving the hissing, belching, steaming basin, we passed Mt. Schurz, and reached Beryl Springs. These, too, are mineral springs, but I did not test their virtues, as I thought the dose of Apollinaris water would preserve my health for a while, but, as we journeyed on, we arrived at the Iron Springs, where I concluded to take a tonic with the crowd that had stopped to test its waters. They did not taste much worse than the Apollinaris spring.

From there we proceeded to Gibbons Falls, a beautiful cataract rolling down over the rocks. The surroundings are lovely. A little farther on we camped for the night. August 4 we reached Lower Geyser Basin. We saw Fountain geyser and dozens of others, including the wonderful Paint Pot. This is a large crater or basin, in which the mixture is about the consistency of paint. One part is reddish, another is pure white and it boils and sputters like a pot of mush. All the Geyser basins, that is the area occupied by the geysers and flooded by their overflow, is covered with a snow white crust of deposit, or geyser formation, as it is called. After passing the geyser called the Dome from the shape of its lofty cone, we saw a whole forest that had been blown down; trees were torn up by the roots, and all lying one way. More anon.—Fern Leaf, Arkansas.

A QUESTION

This is my first letter to the Corner, and I am going to ask a question which I hope some one will consider and answer. If there happens to be one of the household who is a semi-invalid and does not feel inclined to go from home, do you think it right that the invalid should darken the entire family by continual murmurings and complainings and expect the family always to stay at home because he does?

I have very good health, but when it happens that I am hindered either by bad feelings or household dutiesmind you, I am not referring to those who are dangerously ill—I believe in letting those around me enjoy life and not make things look dark to them because I happen to be in the shade. I think that those who have the semi-invalids to take care of should be allowed some pleasure, yet I am called selfish and queer. I am very much puzzled about this matter so will sign my name.—A Puzzled Woman, West Virginia.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

I'm thinking all you C. C. girls are pretty busy these days getting things ready for summer. How do I know? Because there are fewer letters than in the winter, so that means you are very busy, but we still have enough to keep us going, and some of you are sure to take time to write occasionally. I hope the spring work is going all right.—Elizabeth.

A Blade reader, Adeltha Clafin, and Mrs. Martha C. have written to us lately.

Much obliged to everybody who has renewed his or her subscription and has sent in clubs. The more, the merrier.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope. You may choose your own location.

A Lone Woman—I am sorry, but it is impossible for me to comply with your request. If you would do for and conduct yourself toward the people with whom you live as you would expect to do if you were with strangers I think you would find yourself happier and life easier. You are too young to go into an old ladies' home. Keep up your courage and keep a-going.—Elizabeth.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 118 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may expect nature to bring on them the Change of Life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for the good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH LOUSIGNONT, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

GENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Why not make it? Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." **Hundreds of agents coining money**—$5.60 worth of tools for price of one. Wonderful invention—drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. **Astonishing price to agents**—1,200 ordered by one man. Get our big and confidential proposition quick. Sample free—don't delay—experience not needed—write at once. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2275 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

No More Wrinkles BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic by a New Discovery.

Let this woman send you free full particulars, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She is fast becoming famous as the most expert beauty culturist in the world. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. It is a well-known fact that she turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine the joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and arm to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her secret process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

Many of those who have used her process report astonishing results. Mary Merritt of Wis., writes that her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes she has not a wrinkle left. Ada Winkle of Ohio City writes in that her bust developed one inch in a few days. Miss Devereaux writes that she made her eyelashes and eyebrows long, thick and silky by this remarkable method. Mrs. Harry Baker also writes in that the new treatment made a wonderful change in her face and body quickly.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of delightful women who write regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, particulars regarding her new discovery and will show our readers

How to quickly remove wrinkles.
How to develop the bust.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to instantly remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to quickly remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite 185, 7 Randolph st., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way. Everything she sends is free and private, and she wants every woman, mother, wife or girl to write for her famous beauty secrets and her latest book, "Nature's Way to Beauty," which will be sent free. Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose wither into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.

I'll Save You $50
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This is just a little ad—but a postal will bring my Big Book—and give you my $50.00 Saving Price and Special Proposition. You can save as much answering this little advertisement as if it covered a page.

My Spreader positively will do better work and last longer than any Spreader made—no matter what the price—so why pay $50 more? 40,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on my spreader and money-saving price. My Special Proposition will interest you. Just a postal addressed to Galloway of Waterloo, Iowa, will bring you everything postpaid.

Will You Pay a Penny For The Postal and Save $50.00?
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Morning Headache

"I suffered with terrible headaches. I would get up every morning with such a severe attack, and until I began using Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, never found anything that would give me the desired relief. I have used them now for several years, and would not be without them if they were a dollar a box."

SAMUEL KEYS,
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

"I always keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills on hand. Before I began using them, I had frequent attacks of headache, but they gave me prompt relief."

MRS. CARL HECKMAN,
Minster, Ohio.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

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A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cent stamp we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. With each order we include our plan for getting 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

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CACTI SALVE *(Compound)*
The Old Established and Reliable Remedy.

For Debility, Weakness, Lack of Ambition and the moral troubles of men who have lived too rapid a life. The common sense way to treat any feeble part of the body is by direct application. Try Cacti Salve it is absolutely harmless and guaranteed. Price $1.00 a large box, 3 boxes $2.00. Trial box with illustrating literature (booklet) by sealed mail 10c. silver.

A customer writes: "If I had I known dollars earlier I could have saved hundreds of dollars spent with quack doctors." Don't delay; remember, one application positively proves its value.

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and other drug habits are positively cured by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue **Free** by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

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NO MENACE TO PEACE

Fairbanks, Back From His Year's Tour, Filled With Confidence.

New York, March 18.—Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, former vice president of the United States, came back home last night with a message of peace. After an absence of nearly a year on a tour around the world, he arrived in New York harbor on the steamer Mauretania. Peace with Japan was the burden of his interview, and by a strange coincidence he reaches New York in time to be an honor guest with President Taft at a dinner of the American Peace and Arbitration League, at the Hotel Astor Tuesday night.

"President Roosevelt's administration," said Mr. Fairbanks, "greatly strengthened the ties of good neighborhood between us and other powers, and President Taft is understood abroad as in favor of a policy of international peace. There is, therefore, no evidence of any lurking fear of our absolute good faith, and so long as that prevails there is no danger of serious collision between the Untied States and any other nation.

Has Perfect Confidence.

"Nothing but absolutely inconceivable blundering diplomacy can bring about a conflict between us and any of our friends beyond the Pacific or beyond the Atlantic. President Taft and Secretary Knox have the wisdom and patriotism necessary to preserve our rights in the far east, under the orderly and usual processes of diplomacy, without any peril either to our national honor or our national peace. Those who now and then fill the air with unfounded rumors of possible trouble between us and any foreign power, do not thereby advance our worldwide interest, or contribute to our national prestige.

"There is not the slightest ground, in my opinion, for the suggestion which now and then obtains currency to the effect that there is danger of war between the United States or Japan or with any other power. The fact is, we never were further removed from the possibilities of serious conflict than we are today. Japan has a respect and an admiration for the United States which is genuine and undisguised. I have found such to be the feeling of the country from the Emperor and the Katsura cabinet down to men in every walk of life. Editors, business men and men generally, who influence public opinion covet nothing more than favorable regard of the United States.

"If there seems to be any conflict of view with respect to Japanese and American rights in Manchuria or elsewhere, it does not follow that it means grave difficulty, or that a thought of trouble enters into the mind of either government because of such a fact. There is nothing in the present relations between the two countries which can justify any imputation upon the entire good faith of either toward the other.

Explains English Position.

"And what I have said with respect to the United States and Japan may be said with equal confidence with regard to the United States and Great Britain. I do not, of course, believe many well informed persons of rational judgment think that any conflict of opinion or hitch in negotiations respecting the proposed Chinese loan can lead to grave consequences.

"If it is thought Great Britain is moving somewhat slowly in the matter, it should be remembered that an acute political situation exists in that country which may make progress at the present moment smoewhat difficult. Amidst these conditions it is not at all strange that there should be more or less delay with respect to a particular matter in which our government is now concerned.

"I have observed among the British people, in official circles and outside, the same generous regard for the United States, which they so signally manifested during our last war. We have an enormous commerce with each other. It will continue to be a considerable share of the foreign trade of both countries for countless years to come. We are competitors in many foreign markets, but this need not interfere with our good relations. Men of business sense do not fall out and rend each other because they compete in trade. Civilized nations will not be inspired by a less rigid standard.

"Germany and France entertain for the United States nothing but sentiments of good will. Emperor William and President Falieres and the responsible ministers of the two governments, lose no suitable opportunity to emphasize this fact. In the other countries which I have visited the same generous regard for America prevails."

PAL LAYS GRAFT BARE

Looting of Pittsburg Is Disclosed in Criminal Court.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 21.—Greater Pittsburg is again in the throes of a councilmanic graft scandal. Captain Johnny Klein, about to be taken to the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary under sentence of receiving money in 1908 for his vote in the selection of a city depository, has made good his threat to "pull down the props and let the sky fall."

District Attorney Blakely told the whole story to Judges Frazer and Cohen in criminal courts today. So great was the crush at the court house that the tipstaffs were forced to close the doors of the building and refuse further admittance.

The public prosecutor told the court that Klein during the last few days made a statement which covered a period of years and which statement has been corroborated, exposing the whole system of graft in former councils of this city. He said six banks had in 1908 paid the sum of $102,000 to be elected city depositories. He also told the court that street vacation frauds were covered in Klein's statement to him. The entire matter is now under consideration by the grand jury assembled today and of which Harrison Nesbit, president of the Bank of Pittsburg, is foreman.

Klein appeared at the court house guarded by detectives early in the day, and was all smiles. "I made this confession, first, because I owe it to my family; and second, because I owe it to the public," he said. "I have malice toward none."

A large number of informations have already been made by the district attorney before Judge Frazer, sitting as committing magistrate, but the names of the men mentioned in the informations have not as yet been made public.

Before noon adjournment seven former members of council had pleaded nolo contendere to the charges brought by the district attorney before Judge Fraser and received suspended sentences. Assistant District Attorney Seymour made the opening announcement that "if there were any more present who wished to do likewise" he would "see that they received the same consideration."

FREE TO MEN

TEST PROOF OF

$6.00 Treatment

Here is My Good-Will Offer

I am going to send to you—no matter if you are young, middle-aged or elderly—a proof package of my recognized $6.00 Treatment for Men to prove its value in all cases of impaired vitality, weakened manhood, nervous debility, failing memory or atrophy, and in giving back to you the vigor, activity, voluntary energy, physical development and usefulness intended by Nature to go with normal, healthy manhood.

It makes no difference whether the cause of failure be from early ignorance and indulgences, or the results of disease and neglect, your progress toward final and complete restoration will be the same.

Nature's greatest gift to you is your own Manhood. I offer you free and now a means whereby you may feel again the pride, the hopes and the joys of true manhood.

Write today—write now for Test Proof of $6.00 Treatment, which will be sent Free in plain, sealed package. Simply describe your trouble and send it with 10c for mailing expense by sealed letter to Franklin Ford, 1102 Ford Block, Jackson, Mich.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 15.—Senate — Senator Cummins took up the time of the session today with a speech on the pending bill to amend the interstate commerce law. In the course of his remarks Senator Cummins referred to a report that the President had stated that any senator who did not support the measure would be put out of the Republican party organization. Mr. Cummins replied to this by saying he could not vote for the bill.

House—The house today passed the legislative, executive and judicial bill appropriating nearly $34,000,000.

Wednesday, March 16.—Senate—The administration railroad bill was under discussion during the entire session of the senate today.

House—In the house parliamentary questions consumed considerable time. Again Speaker Cannon failed to have the house sustain him in a parliamentary ruling, 42 Republicans voting with the Democrats in opposition. After the questions relating to the rules were disposed of the house considered the bills upon its calendar.

Friday, March 18.—Senate — Senator Cummins concluded his speech on the administration railway bill, after which routine business was transacted.

House—The house spent the entire day in deadlock on the Norris resolution changing the committee on rules, which ended just before 5 o'clock with an agreement to take the matter up tomorrow.

Monday, March 21.—Senate—In the senate, Mr. Elkins supported the administration railroad bill in an extended speech. A number of minor bills were passed, including one appropriating $3,000,000 to purchase 12 blocks for an enlargement of the grounds surrounding the capitol.

House—A very quiet and uneventful session was held by the house today. By unanimous consent numerous bills of minor importance were passed and the pension appropriation bill, carrying nearly $156,000,000, was taken up. The house agreed to limit general debate upon the measure to eight hours. Representative Gillette, of Massachusetts, talked on the necessity for economy in government expenditures. Representative Goulden, of New York, opposed ship subsidy legislation and Representative Langley, of Kentuck, advocated more liberal pensions.

PACKERS BLAME THE LAW

Says Government Inspection Tends to Raise Prices.

Washington, March 18.—Like the retailers, the meat packers disclaim responsibility for the increased cost of meat and its products. Witnesses yesterday before the senate committee, which is investigating the cost of living, discussed the situation from the packers' point of view and expressed the opinion that the farmers were enjoying all of the benefits of the high prices.

George L. McCarthy, of New York, publisher of the National Provisioner and secretary of the American Meat Packers' association, thought the meat inspection law had been an important factor in increasing prices. He said that out of the 923 slaughtering houses in existence before the law went into effect more than 600 had given up their interstate business rather than submit to the augmented expenses involved in government inspection.

Earlier the committee had endeavored to learn from Charles Rohe, of New York, president of the American Meat Packers' association, the purposes of the organization.

SLAIN MAN'S TREASURE FOUND

Discovery of Money Hidden in Cellar Causes Suit.

Wheeling, Va., March 22.—The finding of $25,000 in gold by William McClain, an Ohio contractor, who, after discovering the money, conveyed it out of this state, has precipitated litigation.

The money, in six earthern jars, was found while McClain was excavating in the cellar of Dr. Gunther Schuhardt, who was murdered 20 years ago.

It was known that the old man had considerable money. Yesterday Attorney Henry M. Russell, of this city, administrator of the dead doctor, filed suit in the common pleas court at St. Clairsville, O., demanding that Contractor McClain turn over the money to him.

The Wheeling Stamping Co., owner of the property at the present time, and the workmen who made the find, all have filed claims.

USED SHOE AS SAFETY VAULT

Jewels Hidden in Boot Found in Cobbler's Shop.

New York, March 22.—Mrs. Anthony Internate, to foil possible burglars, concealed $50 in money and $1,500 worth of jewels in the toe of a shoe in her Brooklyn home. During her absence the attentive servant sent the shoe to a cobbler's shop to be repaired, she having heard her mistress remark that it needed repairing.

On learning what the maid had done, Mrs. Internate and her husband spent most of last night hammering on the cobbler's door, and when, by persuasion of the police, they opened it early today, the she was found and the valuables had been untouched.

Mrs. Internate has decided to procure a safe deposit vault, which will be as servant-proof as it is burglar and fireproof.

ENGLISH GIRLS ARE BEATEN

Mob in Colombia Thinks They Are Americans.

Bogota, Colombia, March 22.—The anti-American sentiment here continues to find expression in rioting. Yesterday two English girls who were mistaken for Americans were mobbed and beaten. Subsequently President Ramon Gonzales-Valencia made an official call upon American Minister Northcott

An official decree has been issued placing a transport tax of 8 per cent on all American flour leaving the coast towns for the interior. Joaquin Samper, minister of finance, objected to this move by the government and following the issuance of the decree resigned.

TAFT SCORES PRESS

Charges People Are Led Astray by Unjust Criticisms.

Chicago, March 18.—St. Patrick was notably remembered in Chicago, but the brunt of it fell upon President Taft, and he was a thoroughly tired man when his train departed for Rochester, N. Y.

During the day he spoke to members of the Chicago Newspaper Club, the Traffic Club, to a mass meeting, to members and guests of the Hamilton Club and twice at functions provided by the Irish Fellowship Club, which was his host for the day.

In these speeches the President touched on "statesmen correspondents" who colored facts to suit their views. To railway men of the Traffic Club he expressed his trust in the sense of justice of the American people. He averred that he had learned more in the first year of his administration than he could hope to assimilate in the next three.

Calls Papers Unjust.

"I have seen so many apocryphal statements," the President declared, "so many unsound arguments and unjust conclusions, that they must come from some other source than this distinguished and intelligent audience.

"The newspapers, of course, are essential. We say we do not read them. Well, we have to read them. The difficulty that I find is that I have to read them; and after a time of sensitiveness—what shall I call it?—of a sense of injustice, one's skin grows thicker, one is able to forget phrases of contempt and criticism, and what a newspaper man ultimately learns, that, after all, if we can only survive two or three days of attack and assault and unfounded statements, most people will forget it."

In an informal talk at the first of the two entertainments provided by his hosts, a luncheon at noon, his weariness unconsciously crep into his speech.

"When I arrived here yesterday," he said, but the slip caused nothing more than a smile of which the President seemed unconscious. It probably seemed that he had been here two days, for the forenoon had been crowded with oratory and handshaking enough for 48 hours.

At the conclusion of this luncheon, although it was time for him to start for the mass meeting at the Auditorium, the President sought his room for a half hour of quiet and rest.

When the President reappeared he seemed much refreshed, and there was nothing of weariness apparent in his manner when he began his address to the thousands of persons who had gathered at the Auditorium Theater.

Prolonged cheering interrupted the speaker when he mentioned the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

"The conservation movement," said Mr. Taft, "owes its beginning to Theodore Roosevelt. (Prolonged applause.) Go it again. You don't enjoy that any more than I do. Who was it inspired in Gifford Pinchot that wonderful activity of mind and body with reference to conservation movement? (Applause.) I am in favor of giving credit where credit belongs (applause), and of withholding it where it does not belong.

"There are people in Congress, conscientious, hard-working, prominent statesmen, who look at the question of conservation as it might have been looked at 20 or 30 years ago. They are still in favor of letting out the land and getting the settlers or it; not in favor of a careful method of conservation and preservation.

"I am not criticising them. They say that I don't understand and that we in the east don't understand the situation because we don't breathe the atmosphere of the west. Well, I think we are convincing a good many of them who are perfect Ajaxes in debate and who say they will continue to debate this question and will stand against the conservation program as long as the leather of their shoes will last.

"What I want to get is an act of Congress that shall validate all of the withdrawals of land that have been made and shall give me power to make such further withdrawals as ought to be made until Congress has determined upon the proper disposition of those lands."

The President said that he was meeting opposition both from those who wish an immediate disposal of land and from those who question the constitutional power of the President to make withdrawals.

TARIFF WAR AVERTED

Complete Agreement Reached With France.

Rochester, N. Y., March 19.—There will be no tariff war with France. President Taft announced last night that a complete agreement with that nation had been reached.

All tariff differences have been eradicated. Both sides have made some concessions, and at Albany today the President will sign a proclamation giving to France the 25 per cent reduction of rates provided for in the maximum and minimum clause of the Payne-Aldrich law.

At the same time, while the tariff situation with Canada looks rather gloomy, the President still has hope of reaching a satisfactory agreement, especially since the France dispute has been adjusted. The President expects to have a conference at Albany with W. S. Fielding, the Canadian minister of finance, Henry M. Hoyt, counsellor of the state department, and Charles M. Pepper, tariff expert of the department of commerce and labor, will come on from Washington to be present at the conference. President Taft at first invited Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, to the conference, but the latter was unable to come.

Thus far Canada has shown a disposition to "stand pat" that has all but put an end to any further negotiations. The President is making a last effort, however, to reach an agreement with the Dominion government. The dispute with Canada grows out of the fact that Canada negotiated a treaty with France, whereby that country was given a reduction of from 2½ to 5 per cent over other countries. Through Great Britain's "favored nation" treaties, however, this preferential treatment given by Canada to France was automatically extended to 13 other countries. This, in effect, left the United States as the principal country affected by the higher rates.

CAN'T DODGE INK WELLS

Prime Minister of Hungary Is Struck on the Head.

Buda Pest, March 21.—Stormy as have been sessions of the Hungarian chamber of deputies, the Magyars today outdid themselves, and ink-wells, books and other handy missiles were hurled at the heads of the ministers until the latter took refuge in flight. Both Premier Khuen Von Hedevari and Count Serenyi, minister of agriculture, were struck by flying ink-wells, and their heads cut.

To All Who Suffer

and my reply will be a

FREE PROOF TREATMENT
LETTER OF ADVICE
192 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK

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Just fill in and mail the blank printed below. Tell me how you feel and what you feel, and you will at once receive my free proof treatment. It makes no difference how many years you have suffered; how much money you have spent; how many specialists you have employed; what medicines you have taken. You need not send me one cent. I make a specialty of chronic cases — cases of long standing that have been given up by other physicians. I do not believe that many diseases are incurable because every day I am making cures that are almost miraculous — cures of deep-seated, long standing chronic, so-called incurable cases of almost every disease to which "the flesh is heir." To men and women who for years had suffered I have proved my knowledge and the value of my treatments. Let me prove all this to you now and prove it without cost to you. No matter where you live, how old you are, whether you believe in me, whether you are rich or poor, this offer of mine is addressed to you personally from me personally.

If you have not one cent to call your own, my offer is free to you. If you are the richest man or woman in the world my offer is free to you. Your money or rank or power do not interest me. But, if you suffer, I want to be your friend. It is your health — a cure for you in which I am vitally interested. The treatment of the sick has made my success both professional and financial. I do not need your money and will not accept one cent for this treatment, advice and medical book. All I ask is your good will and that if my treatments cure you, if my advice is helpful to you and if my book is valuable to you, you will speak a kindly word for Dr. Kidd to your sick friends and neighbors when convenient for you to do so.

I Owe This to Humanity

That I devote the talents with which I have been endowed to the cause of suffering humanity; that I use the experience which I have obtained in the treatment of hundreds of thousands of cases in lightening the burdens and making whole again those who have despaired in the belief that there is no succor for their ailments; to those I say: "Take heart, take hope, write me frankly and freely and I will as freely send without charge or obligation of any kind a free proof treatment which will conclusively prove my ability to completely cure you."

I do not boast. I point to my successful past, to the thousands upon thousands of former sufferers who testify as to my ability to cure, and who have thankfully received and used my free treatments, to the people who from doubt or disbelief have come to realize the real, true value of my experience, my advice and my remedies.

To you who suffer I say: "Send me your message today." Give me the opportunity to send my free message to you. Fill in the coupon I have placed below, and let me prove to your satisfaction and lasting benefit that the cases upon cases that have yielded to my skill and knowledge are not "chance hits," that the advice I give is not "guesswork," that the treatments I send you are not "shots in the air," but that I know whereof I speak, know what to prescribe for your troubles, and as soon as I receive your description of your ailment can select unerringly the treatment that you need.

You owe it to yourself—to your family—to posterity, that you be strong and well with no weakness or disease and when I offer health and strength and the joy of living to vigorous, useful old age and offer to send my proof treatment, my advice and my great book absolutely free to you, it is your fault and yours alone if you do not take advantage of my offer. "Send me your message today."

FREE PROOF TREATMENT

The Free Treatment I will send to you will contain not one, but as many different medicines as I deem advisable in your case — remedies compounded to strike straight at the root of disease — constitutional remedies to tone up your general system. These remedies are pure, effective, curative and are the result of modern medical science, remedies whose value I know from my own experience —remedies that are curing the sick every day. I want to prove that my treatment will do for you what it has done for thousands of others who have suffered as you are suffering.

FREE LETTER OF ADVICE

As soon as I receive your description of your trouble on the blank below, I take your case under consideration and besides sending you the free medicines, I prepare a letter of advice to accompany the treatment. This letter is carefully prepared to apply to your case. It is the kind of a letter that a specialist writes to his patients to assist the work of the medicine prescribed, and if followed will be a great help to you in becoming absolutely well and strong. Other specialists receive hundreds of dollars for their verbal advice, but I send you this advice free, plainly written so that it cannot be forgotten, so it can be followed without chance of error or misunderstanding.

Valuable Medical Book FREE

My Free Home Medical Book on the "Ills of Humanity—Their Cause and Cure," contains 192 pages of professional information and private advice. It is well illustrated and every man or women should read it. It describes all diseases, explains all symptoms, gives the causes of the diseases, tells how to prevent sickness and explains how a great many diseases can be cured in your own home. If you want to be well and remain well, this is the book you should have, and, like my treatment and letter of advice, is sent free with postage prepaid to all who write me about their troubles on the attached coupon: Only one member of each family should apply.

DR. JAS. W. KIDD, 212 Kidd Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Dr. Jas. W. Kidd, 212 Kidd Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Please send me, postage prepaid, free of charge and obligation, Proof Treatment and your Home Medical Book.

YOUR NAME ..... AGE .....

POST OFFICE ..... STATE .....

STREET AND NO. ..... R. F. D. NO. .....

NOTE:—Mark a cross (X) after the disease or diseases you have; two crosses (XX) after the one from which you suffer most.

RHEUMATISM	KIDNEY TROUBLE
LUMBAGO	BLADDER TROUBLE
ECZEMA	HEART DISEASE
SCROFULA	IMPURE BLOOD
CATARRH	FEMALE TROUBLE
DROPSY	TORPID LIVER
PILES	PARTIAL PARALYSIS
NEURALGIA	CHRONIC COUGH
DIARRHOEA	NERVOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION	PROSTATITIS
INDIGESTION	MALARIA
HEADACHE	PIMPLES
DIZZINESS	LUNG TROUBLE
EPILEPSY	ASTHMA

CUT OUT COUPON ON DOTTED LINES.

WEDS TO SAVE A FORTUNE

Widow Weds Invalid Sitting in Wheel Chair.

Iowa City, Ia., March 22.—To save her gray haired, invalid sweetheart's inheritance of $10,000 in Germany, Mrs. Wilhelmina Lena Metter, a widow of Philip, S. D., came to the State University of Iowa hospital, and, surrounded by scores of nurses and medical students, married Fritz Hardekopf, recently of the Grundy county (Iowa) almshouse.

The bridegroom, now almost unable to move about the room without assistance, sat in a wheeled chair and responded to the questions of the minister, the Rev. J. G. Hoerlein, of the German Lutheran church.

Hardekopf is named in the will of his father, who died in Germany, as heir, conditional upon his marriage. Advertisements to that effect were inserted in the newspapers, and they reached Mrs. Metter, a property owner, in South Dakota, who was a friend nearly 30 years ago in Reinbeck, Ia. She will take Hardekopf to South Dakota as soon as he is able to travel and will stake a claim in addition to the 160 acres she already owns.

STEEL TRUST GOODY-GOODY

Won't Violate Fourth Commandment More Than Necessary.

Braddock, Pa., March 21.—President Alvah C. Dinker, of the Carnegie Steel Co., raised here of Presbyterian stock, does not believe in work on Sunday any more than necessary, and from this source comes the most radical departure made by any industrial concern of magnitude in the country.

President Dinkey Saturday issued an order to the management of the mills, blast furnaces, foundries and like plants in western Pennsylvania and Ohio, principally the plants at Youngstown and Lorain, that unnecessary Sunday labor must cease.

At all Carnegie plants, and they number some 25 or 30, employing nearly 35,000 men, it has been customary to work from one-third to one-half the regular force on Sunday. President Dinkey believes that the great army of workers require a day of rest and that the trend of the times among the laboring class demand it.

NO PENSION FOR ROOSEVELT AS RETIRED ARMY GENERAL

Washington, March 21.—The senate committee on pensions today agreed to report favorably bills to grant pensions of $5,000 a year to Frances F. Cleveland, widow of ex-President Grover Cleveland, and Mary Lord Harrison, widow of ex-President Benjamin Harrison. At the same time the committee declined to report a bill which would place ex-President Roosevelt on the retired list as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and give him $10,000 a year for the remainder of his life.

The bill which would give $10,000 a year to Mr. Roosevelt does not mention him specifically by name, but applies to "ex-presidents of the United States." At the same time it could not affect any one except Mr. Roosevelt at the present date. Three senators supported the bill. They were Messrs. McCumber, Scott and Burnham. The senators who voted against it were Messrs. Curtiss, Taylor, Gore, Hughes and Shively. The remaining members of the committee were absent.

The bills to pension Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Harrison were voted upon together. The affirmative vote was cast by Messrs. Scott, Burnham, Taylor, Hughes and Shively, and the negative votes by Messrs. Curtiss, Gore and McCumber. It was argued in the committee by several senators that no one of the beneficiaries was in need of the relief that would be provided by the measures.

TO SEE PARTY CHIEFS

Taft Tackles New York Politics.

New York, March 22.—With a busy afternoon and evening in prospect, President Taft arrived here from Providence over the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad at 6:57 o'clock this moning.

When the Boston express rolled into the Grand Central station no one in the President's private car attached to the train, was stirring. The car was detached and shifted to a side track, where it was immediately surrounded by a strong force of secret service men and central office detectives. It was some time after their arrival that the members of the presidential party got about and the President prepared to go to the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, where he planned to remain until the early afternoon.

Lunch with Henry W. Clews at the latter's home was the first set item on the day presidential program. Following this, at 3:30 o'clock, the President planned to call upon the New York Press club at its club house on Spruce street. Tonight he will address the banquet of the American Peace and arbitration league and is expected, as well, to make a brief call upon the Republican cohorts, attending the dinner to Congressman Herbert Parsons, former president of the Republican county committee. Half an hour after midnight he will leave Jersey City for Washington.

The first visitors seen by President Taft at his brother's residence were President Robert C. Morris of the Republican club and Secretary Humphrey of the Peace and Arbitration league. They chatted with the President for a few moments shortly after his arrival.

The President had been at his brother's house little more than an hour when an automobile was summoned, and, accompanied by Capt. Archibald Butt, his military aide, and several secret service men, he entered the car and started for a ride about the city. The newspapers in taxicabs were given an almost futile chase trying to keep up with the high-powered automobile carrying President Taft and his escort. The President's machine whirled through Central Park and Riverside Drive at speed ranging from 30 to 40 miles an hour, and some of the following taxicabs were left behind. On the return from the northern part of the city a bicycle policeman espied the machine, and, with a prospective arrest for high speeding, gave chase. The policeman gave up the pursuit when the secret service men pointed to the initials "P. D. Q." of the police department that hung on the rear of the President's car.

Shortly after returning from his ride President Taft welcomed former Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, who called by appointment. The two were in conference for some time.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.

Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

LUNG DISEASES AND ASTHMA

85% of cases cured. "Unlimited Positive Proof" and booklet sent free. Prescription sent to any address for 10c.

DR. ROBINSON, 711 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

FREE FORTUNE CAN BE TOLD FROM childhood up, past, present, future —causes of failure and key to success given. Three 2-ct stamps and birthdate gets a free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second St., Kewanee, Ill.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills; always dependable. "Relief" and particulars, free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee Wis.

REFORMING ROGUES' GALLERY

Gaynor Renews Pre-Election Activities.

New York, March 22.—Mayor Gaynor took his first step yesterday toward reforming the rogues' gallery. His activities, previous to election, when as Judge Gaynor he declared George B. Duffy, a Brooklyn boy, a victim of police persecution, and had Duffy's portrait removed from the gallery, brought him prominently before the public. Yesterday the subject was brought forcibly to the mayor's attention.

"It is incredible that such things can exist in a free country," he burst out, when informed that an innocent man had been arrested, held over night without permission to communicate with his family, and then lined up the next morning at headquarters with the day's grist of crooks to be photographed and measured.

The mayor announced that he intended to take up forthwith reforms in the rogues' gallery.

This Stomach Remedy FREE

Fill out the coupon or write a postal and get a Free Sample Bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—You can try it without expense—In this way thousands have been cured of serious stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

I want to send you or any neighbor or friend of yours who suffers from a stomach, liver or bowel disorder, a sample bottle of my wonderful tonic-laxative, famous for over twenty years as **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** There will be no charge for this sample bottle. All you have to do is to send me your name and address on a postal card, or fill out the coupon and send it to me, and I will gladly do as I here agree. This offer is open to anyone, anywhere.

This sample bottle contains the same wonderful vegetable remedy—the same remarkable ingredients—as the **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** which sells over the counters of every drug store in the United States at 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—the same curative, satisfaction-giving, laxative tonic that families have been using for twenty years or more. I am in a position to give away thousands of these sample bottles, and I want you all to send in your request.

My object in offering a free sample bottle is that I know I have a remedy of extraordinary merit, and there is no better or squarer way for me to convince the people of that fact than to let them use a sample bottle free of charge. In this way thousands have been brought to use it as a family remedy, as they got results. The sales in drug stores are doubling every year, so the free sample idea must be right, as the sample has the same contents as the regular bottles.

I firmly believe that **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** is the best remedy on the American market for any form of stomach, liver or bowel disorder—better than any other liquid remedy because **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** contains not only the best laxative properties, but famous tonic and upbuilding ingredients as well; better than any tablet remedy because tablets gripe and not all stomachs can dissolve them; better than any salt, pill or purgative because these are violent in action and do but temporary good.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN TRAINS THE STOMACH MUSCLES TO DO THEIR WORK NATURALLY, and in that way brings about a permanent cure. It builds up and strengthens weakened digestive systems. With all its wonderful effectiveness, it is yet so gentle in action that it can be given to infants—in fact, thousands of mothers buy it for their babies and children. And because of its gentle action, so free from griping, it is the best laxative for women and old people.

Write me today for a free sample bottle. Fill out the coupon and send it to me. **You will be making no mistake.**

WHAT THE FREE SAMPLE IS DOING

I receive many letters every day from people who were cured of some stomach, liver or bowel trouble by even the free sample bottle of **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** This cure with a free sample bottle means that they did not feel the need of going to their druggist for the regular 50 cent or $1 bottle. But they show their appreciation by telling others of my remedy, and these others, whose confidence is then established, buy it of their druggist. I want you who have never tried it to send to me for a free sample bottle so that you can tell your neighbors and friends what it has done. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

I received the free sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and used it as directed and found it great satisfaction to my complaint. I have also used a 50-cent bottle and expect to keep it in my house. I would not do without it. Doctor, you would have heard from me before now, but I thought I would try your Syrup Pepsin before answering so I could write you just how it acted. I have found Syrup Pepsin just as you recommended it to be.
Mrs. Maggie Waters, 122 East Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

I wish to thank you for your valuable sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and I have purchased a $1.00 bottle and it is very satisfactory to me, as I have been troubled with constipation and stomach troubles for several years. I have spent a great deal of money doctoring with different doctors and have had no satisfaction until I heard of your remedy.
Mrs. Thos. Flanagan,
110 N. Macon Street, Brookfield, Missouri.

I am glad to tell you that your Syrup Pepsin has acted like a charm. It did me lots of good. I tell you it is fine. I thank God and you so much for giving you the knowledge. So many thanks to you for your medicine.
Mrs. Briscilla Scott, 26 B St., Lawton, Okla.

The sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin did me so much good that I bought a bottle and am now like the blind man when Christ restored his sight and told him to tell no man, yet he went out and proclaimed it to the world. That is just what I am doing also, and as I was in such bad shape and am an old man 75 years old, that will have its effects at least in the community in which I live. I am now feeling better than I have for the past five years. I will take one more bottle and think that will fix me up all right. You can use this for a testimonial if you like.
Thomas Ely, Edison, Ohio.

It is pleasure for me to recommend your Syrup Pepsin to anyone who has stomach trouble. I used the sample you sent me and am now on my second 50 cent bottle. It is the best medicine I ever saw. I cannot be without it.
Garrett Hatfield, Murry, Ky.

In regard to your Syrup Pepsin you sent me a trial bottle and I used it and bought a 50 cent bottle and have had no headache since I commenced to use it, and before I had headache once or twice a week. I am very much pleased with your medicine and much obliged.
J. F. Snavely, New Enterprise, Pa.

I feel it my duty to write and thank you for your sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin, as it has done me a world of good. I tell all my friends, who suffer as I did of it and will always recommend Syrup Pepsin to stomach sufferers. You may publish this letter if you like.
Mrs. A. B. Miles, 4511 Magazine St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

I received the bottle of Syrup Pepsin and it is the very medicine needed. It has done me more good than any other medicine has and I am very thankful to you and am going to keep it until I am cured.
Mrs. Nancy Harmon, Chaonia, Mo.

Your valued letter of the 2nd duly received; also free sample of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which I have taken only three weeks, and feel to be entirely cured of that constipated habit which troubled me for so many years and cost me so much money in trying all the different remedies advertised. It is certainly a wonderful specific for constipation and it works so easy, giving such natural refreshing sleep, so that I am gaining 2½ pounds per week. I feel that you are distributing one of God's choicest blessings to the afflicted. Truly and most respectfully yours,
F. Everett Gray, Kansas City, Mo.

My stomach troubled me and I could not get anything to help me, but I saw your Syrup Pepsin advertised and sent for a trial bottle. I saw at once that it was helping me, so I sent to the drug store and got a 50-cent bottle and am feeling fine. I am a thousand times thankful for it and I will recommend it to everybody whom I know to have stomach trouble. It is the best medicine I ever used and I have tried a great many kinds. I do not think there is anything so good as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.
Mrs. Jane Allen,
412 Francis St., Jackson, Mich.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If you have any of the following symptoms you are certainly suffering from a stomach, liver or bowel disorder and you need **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** Fill out the coupon and mail it to me and I will send you at my expense a free sample bottle of my remedy so that you can see how quickly you can be cured when the right remedy is used. Write for yourself regardless of how young or old you may be, whether your case is recent or of long standing; write in behalf of your child or any other member of your family. I am glad to send it for whomever it may be. The leading symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel disease are:

Constipation	Distress after eating
Laziness	Indigestion and Dyspepsia
Billiousness, Torpid Liver	Flatulency
Sour Stomach	Sick Headache
Disturbed Sleep	Gas or Wind on the Stomach
Loss of Appetite	Catarrh of the Stomach

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE Many people continue to suffer because they do not find the right remedy; many more, however, because they do not get the right medical advice. I have treated tens of thousands for these troubles. If you would like to have my opinion of your case, if you would like to have my advice as to what you should do and should not do, then write me a letter explaining how you suffer and I will study your case and advise you. There will be no charge for what I do for you and you can avail your self of these services whether you ever take **Syrup Pepsin** or not. Explain you case fully and freely. It may present some mystery to you and others that I, with my greater experience, can easily clear up. I have had many letters from people saying that my advice was worth more to them than the remedies, prescriptions and general efforts of other doctors. For the free medical advice address your letter,

DR. W. B. CALDWELL,
R 623 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

FREE BOTTLES FOR EVERYBODY I will send a free sample bottle of **DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN** to anyone, anywhere, on receipt of only name and address. You can send a postal or fill out the coupon. There will be no charge now or later. I will not address numberless letters to you. (I am not in the mail order business.) **DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN** is sold through druggists at 50 cents and $1 a large bottle. But there is no charge for the sample, test bottle. This is absolutely free. It comes direct from my laboratory to your door, at my expense. All I ask is that you use it as directed, or if you need for it for someone else, that you see that it is properly used—and the directions are very simple. If the sample alone cures you, well and good; drop me a line about it. If yours is an old, stubborn, chronic case and you need more of the remedy, go to your druggist for a 50 cent or a $1 large bottle. There is nothing to my offer beyond that—THE SAMPLE HAS TO PROVE ITS MERITS—and it is the sample I want you to have. On the strength of this sample thousands of families now have **DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN** regularly in the house. You never can tell when a child or grown person will need a laxative, and then it is well to have **DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN** at hand. It is sure to relieve the trouble at once. It has and is curing the worst cases of chronic constipation, and permanently, too. There is nothing to equal it in the constipation and indigestion troubles of infants and children; it has nothing to equal it in the sick headache and nausea of women. It strengthens the stomach, it stirs up the liver, it cleans out the bowels. It is the world's greatest promotor of daily good health. A trial of this grand remedy is absolutely free. Try it. It is the duty of every sufferer from a stomach, liver or bowel trouble, who has not yet used it, to send for a free sample bottle of **DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN.** Let me hear from YOU. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE OF DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

Dear Doctor Caldwell: As per your request, I ask you to send me a free sample bottle of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN. There is to be no charge in any way, at any time. Kindly send it to

My name is.....My address is.....

.....

Fill out the above lines plainly and mail me the coupon. All I ask is that the remedy be used as the directions call for. You are under no obligation to me in any way, but should you want more of it you can obtain it of any druggist at 50c or $1.00 a large bottle. Also, after having used it yourself, if you can recommend it to others at any time please do so. Put the coupon in an envelope and address the envelope

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, R 623 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

The purity of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN is vouched for to the U. S. Government. It bears Serial No. 17 in the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Vigorous Manhood

Two "Health Belt Men"; One 50 Years Old, the Other 30. Can You Pick Out the Younger?

I can show you how to restore your youth and how to keep it. A "Health Belt Man" CANNOT grow old, he must be young forever. Years count for nothing in this life, so long as you have great vitality. Weakness, Nervousness, Unmanliness are conditions to be laughed at by the intelligent user of my great appliance, for it gives in abundance, all that vim, vigor and nerve force which the weakened system craves. Worn every night and all night for two or three months, it sends a great, warm glowing volume of electricity into your body through the nerve centres at small of back; from the first hour's use you experience a decided benefit; there is a great mysterious force which gets right to work. No drugs to be taken; no conditions imposed except that dissipation must cease. Help Nature that much, the Belt will do the rest. It takes the weakness and kink out of your back; it drives rheumatic pains away from all parts of the body; you will feel and look young and strong again; women and men, noticing your physical change, will be more attracted toward you on account of your new vitality and life; in two months you can experience the full vigor of perfect manhood. Charles L. Snell, of Middleport, N. Y., writes: "Your Health Belt cured me of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Kidney and Bladder troubles after all else failed." This is but one testimonial among thousands which you may see if you care to.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

It fully describes my Health Belt, and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for professional advice either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.
NAME .....
ADDRESS.....

COLONY FOUNDED TO HELP THE INEBRIATE WOMEN

London, March 19.—Not long ago an American woman passing through a London street saw a number of respectably dressed, quiet looking women entering a saloon.

"Are they going to hold an anti-liquor crusade meeting there?" she asked her companion, and was more than surprised to learn that they were merely going for their afternoon drink.

Her experience is that of many of her countrywomen. The sight of elderly matrons and slim young girls standing at a bar with men and ordering drinks freely has always surprised visitors from the United States.

Until recently these feminine tipplers were often accompanied by boys and girls and even babies, but the children's bill which was passed several months ago has made it unlawful to allow any child under 14 to enter a drinking resort. Now the mother leaves her children in the charge of a neighbor while she takes her "pern'orth" of gin.

In view of this practice of public drinking among women of the poorer classes the statement that there are more inebriate women in England than in any other country in the world should not cause surprise. Many men and women in England have sought to correct this evil and various institutions have been started and homes organized to aid the victims of the drink habit. The enterprise which is said to have had greatest success was started by a woman, Lady Henry Somerset.

Fifteen years ago Lady Henry became interested in the work Pastor von Bodelschwing carried on among the epileptics of Germany under the colony system and she believed that similar treatment might be applied to inebriate women. Through her efforts a colony was established at Duxhurst, about two hours from London. She believes that the results fully justify the enterprise.

Duxhurst is beautifully situated, for Lady Henry believes in the value of beautiful surroundings. Hills stretch as far as the eye can reach and flowers riot in their profusion. All the village homes are designed artistically and at the same time practically. Thatched roofs and latticed windows give an Old World look and the rooms are made attractive with snowy linen and gleaming old brass, well made furniture in quaint forms, pretty curtains and good pictures.

Every one works at Duxhurst. The little houses are kept in immaculate condition by their inmates. The cooking, laundry work, gardening and farming are all done by the women.

Lady Henry's pet theory is the helpfulness of outdoor work in cases of inebriety, so after a patient fresh from London has spent a few days in the village hospital she is put at work in the garden, where she will get plenty of sunshine and the fresh breezes from the hills. Sometimes her efforts are disastrous to the flower beds, but she is never told so. The mischief is repaired and she is urged to continue.

After weeks of this outdoor life have done their work she can take up whatever labor she prefers. She can help in the laundry or the kitchen; she can learn to weave, to embroider or to do plain sewing; she can make butter or attend to the chickens. In whatever direction her capacity lies it is developed and encouraged.

In each house are installed eight or ten women. They have separate rooms and are overlooked by a sister, who is a capable woman chosen by Lady Henry. These sisters do not belong to any religious order; they are simply known to the patients as Sister Annie, Sister Mary, etc. Some of them are ladies who are glad to do this work, some of them are paid and all are intelligent, public-spirited and tactful in dealing with the cases assigned to them. Lady Henry is also known as "sister" and wears the gray dress and snowy cap of her assistants.

No woman patient knows anything of any other patient's life story, so that all start on an equal basis. Some have been convicted of crime and under the first offenders act have been sent to the colony by the government in the hope that the cause of their misdeeds, drunkenness, may be cured. Others have come voluntarily at the request of their husbands or parents.

It is the sister's duty to win the confidence of all. She is there to help them mentally, not physically. A woman doctor and two trained nurses attend to the latter part of the work.

Women over 50 are not eligible for the village and no patient can stay there more than three years. Any one may go at any time. Doors and gates are wide open, but in the last five years only one woman has voluntarily left the colony before her time was up.

Since the foundation of the colony 1,300 women have been treated. Of those dismissed a large proportion have been permanently benefited. Some have returned several times. A number have succumbed to their vice and died or gone insane.

In one corner of the village is a particularly charming cottage, slightly larger than the others. There are to be found the daughters of inebriate, cruel or neglectful parents whom the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has sent down to Lady Henry's colony to be cared for and educated.

About 24 little girls are in the Nest at present. They range in age from 14 down to babies. All can stay in the colony till they are 15. They are educated to take their places in the working world and an effort is made to get good homes for them when they leave Duxhurst.

TWO NEGROES ARE LYNCHED

Charged With Aiding Jail Delivery in Arkansas.

Marion, Ark., March 18.—Bob Austin and Charles Richardson, negroes, were lynched early today in the court house square by a mob of 300 men. The victims were charged with aiding and abetting a jail delivery here Monday night. Richardson was arrested in Memphis yesterday and was brought here last night. He confessed to complicity in aidng in the escape of prisoners and implicated Bob Austin, who was soon apprehended.

BOXING FATAL TO SOLDIER

Private, Knocked Out by Blow on Head, Dies.

San Francisco, March 19.—John V. Heiflin, 23 years old, a private in the Tenth company coast artillery, died at the Presidio hospital last night of injuries sustained in a boxing match with Private Willis Elder, at Fort Baker, March 10. Heflin was knocked out by a blow on the head in the second round. He later regained consciousness, but he had suffered a hemorrhage of the brain. Elder was held by the military officers.

URGES BRIBERY PROBE

House Expected to Adopt Resolution for Joint Committee Today.

Columbus, March 21.—A resolution for appointment of a joint senate and house committee to investigate charges of attempted bribery of representatives to vote for the Elson telephone merger bill, will be introduced in the house at the session at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

This has been argreed upon by Republican leaders in the assembly. The joint resolution will take the place of the Elson house resolution introduced last Friday for a house investigating committee. A committee of representatives only would have no power to compel attendance of witnesses.

Speaker Mooney said this morning: "If there is any question about the effectiveness of the pending house resolution for an investigation, a resolution for a joint committee should certainly be substituted. The worst thing that could happen to use would be adoption of an inoperative investigating resolution."

Unanimous Adoption Likely.

It is expected that the joint resolution will be adopted by unanimous vote of both houses. A vote against it would increase the public suspicion with which the passage of the Elson bill is already regarded. Representative W. E. Bense, of Ottawa county, has suggested that every member of the house ought to be subpoenaed by the committee and questioned as to his knowledge of bribery, attempted bribery and the methods of the lobby generally.

Only two representatives have admitted that bribes were offered them by lobbyists. The members are Cyrus B. Winters, of Erie, who said he could have had "anything he wanted," and H. W. Pears, of Lima, who asserts that he was offered $100 or thereabouts for his vote.

There has not been even a hint that the lobbyists succeeded in buying a single vote. A well authenticated story is that one representative who had decided to vote for the bill because he believes the telephone business is a natural monopoly, voted against the bill when the dishonest proposal was made to him by a lobbyist.

Winters Is Criticised.

Representative W. T. Smith, Democrat, of Marion, this morning denounced the tactics of Winters, Democratic floor leader, and practically held him responsible for passage of the Elson bill.

"Why," inquired Smith, "did Winters wait a week before making his disclosure of the methods of the lobby? If he had told his story on the floor of the house before the bill was passed it would have been killed deader than a door nail."

Smith himself spoke and worked against the bill in its original form. He voted for it after the Langdon amendment has been inserted, providing that mergers must be approved by the state railroad commission, which shall have authority to regulate rates and service.

Members Expect Vindication.

The impression prevails that, so far as the representatives are concerned, the proposed investigation will be a vindication and that it will not be shown that any member was paid for his vote. Though the house may receive a clean bill of health, it is expected that direct accusations will be made against certain lobbyists. However, proof of their alleged bribery attempts will be difficult, if not impossible, since there were, of course, no witnesses to any vote buying proposals which may have been made by them.

A resolution to bar all persons except senators, their employes, wives and newspaper correspondents from the floor and side galleries of the senate will be introduced this afternoon by Senator Beatty. This will confine lobbyists and visitors to the upper rear gallery.

A resolution to the effect that it be the sense of the house of representatives that members who have been improperly approached by lobbyists, or who have knowledge of bribery or attempted bribery, should give such information directly to the prosecuting attorney of Franklin county instead of to the newspapers, has been prepared by Representative L. H. Scott, of Harrison county, and will be introduced at the session this evening.

RICH OIL FIELDS FOUND

Great Discovery Made in Southwest Texas.

Galveston, Tex., March 21.—A deal involving $3,000,000 for 7,000 acres of land in McMullen county, in southwest Texas, brought to light the presence of oil in great quantities in this section of the state where experiments have been quietly conducted for several months.

Without knowing just what the experts found in their test wells, property owners advanced the price of their lands to enormous figures. The new owners organized the Houston-Texas corporation and included S. A. Hopkins, treasurer; H. P. Chase, of Boston, general manager; R. R. Sherwood of New York, and H. W. Pierce of Ohio. These men are also interested in oil fields in Ohio and Indiana.

The grade of oil found is almost pure lubricating, and finding the supply unlimited, the new owners plan the construction of a pipe line to the nearest railroad, 14 miles. Fifty large tanks have been ordered and earthen reserves will be constructed at once.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

CUT OUT JUGULAR VEIN

Surgeons Perform Hitherto Untried Operation.

New York, March 16.—With only a small part of his jugular vein left after a recent operation, Harold Erickson, a 19-year-old boy, is apparently recovering at the Long Island college hospital and surgeons intend to remove the remainder of the vein in a few days.

As the jugular vein is the main draining vein from the head, so to speak, it had been thought that the operation could not be done, but the physicians are sanguine of success, believing that the smaller blood vessels can do the work.

SENTENCED TO GET MARRIED

Kansas City, March 20.—If the sentence imposed upon him by Judge Latshaw, of the criminal court of this city is carried out, Fred M. Miller, an attorney of this city, will have to wed the first woman who will consent to become his wife.

Miller filed an application in the court in which he represented himself as a "lonely single man inspired with the lofty ambition to take unto himself a wife," and soliciting the aid of the court to this end.

"Here is a man who desires to prefer against himself in the criminal court a charge of wanting to get married," said Judge Latshaw, when Miller's application was read. "File the application, Mr. Clerk. Enter a plea of guilty after his name and sentence him to be married to the first woman who will consent to become his wife."

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 22.—It was evident at the outset that wheat was weak and subsequent developments indicated that the major portion of the trade was inclined toward the bearish side. The general sentiment apears to be that prices will work lower unless bull leaders show that crop damage has been general and not in spots. On the whole foreign news was bearish and were it not for the absence of rain in the southwest, it is likely the market would be in for a substantial break. As it was cash opened 1c off at $1.16½, May ¾c down at $1.17½ and July ⅝c lower at $1.08. Later, in the initial half hour, the market was steady to a shade lower. At Liverpool conditions were the reverse of the local market, March being firm and the remote futures weak.

Buying steadily on crop damage reports in the southwest by the Patten forces boiled out the crowd pretty thoroughly, and when covering started the purchasers were forced to pay higher prices. Toledo cash closed ¼c off at $1.17¼. May ¾c lower at $1.18 and July ⅞c advanced at $1.09½.

Large stocks at Chicago and big supplies in the country are inducing more or less liquidation in corn. Toledo May started ¼c down at 63c, July ⅛c off at 45¼c and September ⅛c down at 66⅜c. No particular support developed early in the session.

Covering by shorts was responsible for the net gain in corn ranging from 1¼@1¾c. Cash closed at 62½c, May at 64½c, July at 66½c and September at 67½c.

Oats was easy and lower in sympathy with other grains. Reports from parts of Ohio say that farm reserves are larger than usual. Toledo May opened ⅛c down at 45¼c. July unchanged at 44c and September ¼c up at 40¼c.

Final oats prices: Cash, 45¼c; May, 45⅜c; July, 44½c; September, 40½c.

Clover seed receipts were 475, against 830 a year ago and the outflow was $10, compared with $300 a year ago. Toledo cash opened 25c up at $7.60, March 25c higher at $7.50, April 17½c advanced at $6.77½ and October at the same level.

Closing clover seed prices were from 7½c to 10c higher than the openings.

TOLEDO.

		High.	Low.	Close Mar.22.	Close Mar.21.
Wheat—	Open.				
Cash	1.16¼	....	....	1.17¼	1.17½
May	1.17½	....	1.17¼	1.18	1.18⅛
July	1.08	....	....	1.09½	1.08⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62½	61¼
May	63	....	....	64½	63⅛
July	65¼	....	....	66½	65⅜
Sept	66⅝	....	66¼	67½	66½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45½	45¼
May	45⅛	46	....	45⅝	45¼
July	44	....	43⅝	44½	44
Sept	40¼	....	40	40½	40
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.60	....	....	7.67½	7.35
March	7.50	....	....	7.60	7.25
April	6.77½	....	....	6.85	6.60
Oct.	6.67½	....	....	6.75	6.60
Dec	....	....	....	6.75	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	80	80
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
March	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.50	7.25
March	....	....	....	7.50	7.25

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.13⅝	1.12¼	1.13¼	1.12⅝	
July	1.06⅞	1.06⅛	1.08	1.07	
Sept	1.04⅜	1.06¼	1.04¾	1.06¼	1.04⅞
Corn—					
May	61	62⅜	60⅞	62⅜	61¼
July	63¼	64⅝	63	64⅝	63⅜
Sept	64⅜	65¾	64	65⅝	64¼
Dec	....	....	....	....	58⅛
Oats—					
May	42¾	43⅞	....	43⅝	43
July	41¼	42⅝	41	42¾	41¾
Sept	39⅝	....	39¼	40	39¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.22⅝	....	....	1.23½	1.22⅝
July	1.15⅝	....	....	1.17	1.15⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.11⅝	1.10⅝
July	1.05⅝	....	....	1.06⅝	1.05½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.14¼	1.13¼
July	....	....	....	1.14⅝	1.13½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.15	1.14¼
July	....	....	....	1.15	1.14¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Mal	25.60	....	25.45	25.97	25.75
July	25.50	....	25.22	25.60	25.72
Sept	25.20	....	24.90	25.25	25.42
Lard—					
May	13.82	13.92	13.75	13.87	14.10
July	13.70	13.75	13.55	13.70	13.92
Sept	13.60	13.65	13.45	13.62	13.82
Ribs—					
May	13.57	....	13.50	13.65	13.72
July	13.22	13.35	13.17	13.32	13.42
Sept	13.15	....	13.10	13.25	13.32

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Stock Yards, March 22.—Hog receipts were very light and the market was 5c to 10c lower than yesterday. Prospects are for higher prices. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $10.95; good mediums, $10.90; heavy yorkers, $10.85; light yorkers, $10.70; good mixed, $10.90; good pigs, $10.65@10.70; bulk of sales, $10.90; stags and roughs, $8.00@10.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.50; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $6.00@6.50; common and light steers, $5.75@6.00; choice cows, $5.25@5.75; fair to good cows, $4.50@5.25; common cows, $4.00@4.50; canners and cutters, $3.00@4.00; prime export bulls, $5.50@6.00; good butcher bulls, $5.00@5.50; fair to good bologna, $4.50@4.75; common, $4.00@4.50; choice fat heifers, $6.00@6.25; fair to good, $5.50@6.00; common and light heifers, $5.00@5.75; good to choice feeding steers, $5.25@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.75@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@4.85; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springer, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $7.50@8.00; good to choice mixed, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.25; culls and common, $4.50@5.50; lambs, clipped, $7.50@8.50; yearlings, $8.00@8.50; spring lambs, $9.25@9.50; common to fair, $8.00@8.75; culls, $7.00@8.00.

Calves — Veal, choice to extra, $9.25@9.50; fair to good, $9.00@9.25; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail fed, $5.00@6.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, March 22.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 30 cars, lower; mediums and yorkers, $10.80@10.85; pigs, $10.60. Lams, $10.35. Calves, $10.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 22.—(By Livestock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts light; 10 to 15c lower; heavy, $11.25; mixed, $11.20@11.25; mediums, $11.15@11.20; yorkers, $11.10@11.15; lights, $10.90@11.00; pigs, $10.70@10.80. Sheep—Steady. $8.50 down; lambs, $10.60. Calves, 900, higher, $11.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 22.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 6 cars, steady. Hogs, 8 cars, lower; heavy, $11.10@11.15; yorkers, $11.00@11.10; pigs, $10.75. Sheep, 2 cars, steady; best lambs, $10.60@10.70; yearlings, $9.50@10.00; wethers, $8.75@9.00; ewes, $8.00@8.50. Calves, $5.00@10.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 22.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 3,000, market strong; beeves, $5.70@8.70; Texas steers, $5.00@6.40; western steers, $5.00@6.90; stockers and feeders, $3.75@6.70; cows and heifers, $2.80@7.15; calves, $8.25@9.50. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 12,000, market weak; light, $10.40@10.75; mixed, $10.45@10.85; heavy, $10.50@10.85; rough, $10.50@10.65; good to choice heavy, $10.65@10.85; pigs, $9.65@10.50; bulk of sales, $10.65@10.80. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 12,000, market steady; native, $5.50@8.70; western, $5.75@8.65; yearlings, $8.00@9.25; lambs, native, $8.75@10.50; western, $9.50@10.60.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 22.—(Wall Street.)—Prices moved irregularly at the opening of the stock market today and then started upwards. Within the first few minutes gains had been established of a point in Union Pacific and St. Paul, and of a substantial fraction in the common, Reading, Southern Pacific and Virginia-Carolina Chemical. The New York City 4½ per cent bonds were dealt in when issued at 101⅝.

Profit-taking sales met the advance, and the gains were wiped out. There was enough buying to prevent the list falling below yesterday's closing and when Reading rallied to the best again, the whole list stiffened. Louisville & Nashville, Illinois Central, Wabash preferred, Western Maryland certificates and National Lead gained a point.

The promise of a settlement of the western railroads with their firemen was an influence towards higher prices; satisfaction was expressed with the New York city bond sale. The new bonds were dealt in when issue starting at 101⅝ and receding to 101⅜. Reading 1⅜, Colorado Fuel and Pittsburg C. C. & St. Louis ½, and Interborough-Metropolitan preferred 1¾. Chicago & Northwestern preferred, and Allis-Chalmers preferred declined 1. Prices were at the highest at noon, but very little business was being done in the first hour. Opening figures for the May products were Pork, $25.62½, 12½ off; lard, $13.82½, 7½ down and ribs, $13.57½, 2½ off.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 22, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	52¼	52⅞	52¼	52¼
Atchison	115⅛	115⅝	115	115¼
Am. Car. & F. Co	65	65¼	65	65¼
Anaconda	49⅛	49⅛	49⅛	49⅛
Amal. Copper	78¼	79¼	78¼	78⅞
Am. Smelters	86⅛	86⅜	86⅛	86⅜
Am. Linseed pfd	38¼	38¼	38¼	38¼
Am. Tel. & Tel	141⅝	141⅝	141	141⅜
Am. Cotton Oil	68⅝	68¾	68⅜	68¾
Am. Beet Sugar	39¼	40	39¼	39¾
Balt. & Ohio	112¼	112¼	111⅞	112
B'lyn R. Trans	77	77⅜	77	77⅜
Beth. Steel com	31½	31½	31½	31½
Beth. Steel com	30½	30½	30½	30¾
Canadian Pac	179¼	179⅝	179¼	179¼
Clover Leaf	45⅝	45⅝	45⅝	45⅝
Clover Leaf pfd	69⅛	69⅝	69¼	69⅝
Colorado Fuel	41	42	41	41
Ches. & Ohio	88½	88⅞	88⅝	88½
Central Leather	42⅝	43⅛	42⅜	43⅜
Consolidated Gas	145⅜	145⅜	145½	145½
Corn Product com	18⅛	18⅜	18⅛	18⅝
Del. & Hudson	175	175	175	175
Distillers Sec	33¼	33¼	33¼	33¼
Erie com	30½	31⅜	30⅝